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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

JUNE 1990

A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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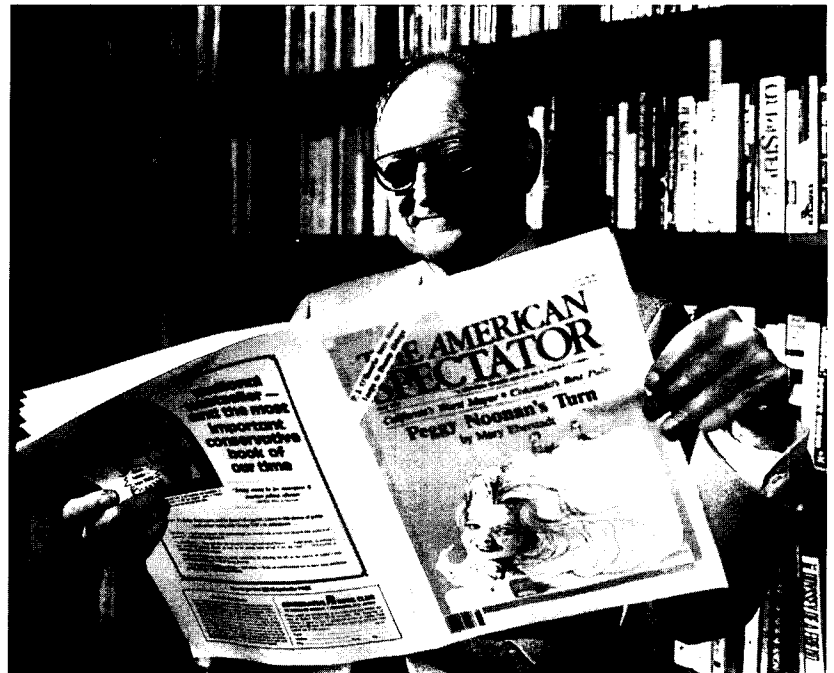
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The Most Important Money/Power/Romantic-Love Discovery Since The Industrial Revolution

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Wealth and power is available to everyone. Dr. Frank R. Wallace, a former Senior Research Chemist for Du Pont, explains that most people are blocked from wealth and power because of a deep-rooted need *to follow*, which stems from our pre-human roots. Dr. Julian Jaynes, a professor for Princeton University, discovered that before man fully evolved, he automatically *followed* the demands of nature for survival...for about one million years. Not until human man fully evolved within just the last 3000 years could he use his own reasoning *to integrate* knowledge for wealth and power. Yet, Dr. Wallace and Dr. Jaynes demonstrate that, even today, because of deep-rooted tendencies, the average person *still* largely *follows*: He follows a set routine at work with set responsibilities. He never fully evolves into the self-integrating mode thus never really knows how to *integrate* knowledge for wealth and power.

The Neo-Tech Discovery

Dr. Wallace spent twenty years uncovering the deep-rooted following mode that keeps people following stagnant set routines and following financially impotent set responsibilities at work. A decade ago, he discovered **Neo-Tech**, the catalyst-tool that removes deep-rooted following-mode tendencies. When the last traces of the following mode are gone through Neo-Tech, suddenly man's self-integrating mode activates then generates wealth and power

How Neo-Tech Builds Wealth

The self-integrating Neo-Tech man and woman quickly build wealth and build breakthroughs in making money, business, the sciences, medicine, the arts like building a puzzle: rapidly snapping together puzzle pieces of knowledge. When the last piece snaps into place, suddenly the puzzle radiates a picture — a breakthrough — never seen by the ordinary person. Indeed, the average person cannot snap together the puzzle. For his self-integrating mode is blocked by his deep-rooted following mode. The average person never has a clue about the self-integrating wealth mode and will die unfulfilled...without ever knowing wealth, power, and romantic love.

Beware Of Neocheaters

Moreover, clever people have discovered man's deep-rooted need to follow and have gained unbeatable advantages at work and at making money by perfecting how to become a leader. Those "natural leaders" include many of the most financially successful and prestigious people and often the most seemingly trustworthy people...including certain management personnel at work. They took a shortcut. They rose to leadership, power, and wealth by taking advantage of the following mode in others. Dr. Wallace calls those leaders: *neocheaters*. Anyone can quickly rise in power and wealth through neocheating. But now the new power of Neo-Tech leaves even neocheating and neocheaters in the dust while delivering rapid power and wealth to the average person as well as bringing new breakthroughs in business, science, medicine, and the arts to the world.

NEO-TECH TEACHES...

Chapter One

- How to snap the pieces of knowledge together to rapidly integrate a fortune beyond any pre-existing realm.
- How to exorcise the deep-rooted following mode that prevents all the billions of average people from their self-integrating power, from pulling together and snapping into place the parts to the puzzle. That prevents integrated puzzle-pictures thus personal fortunes and major business, science, or medical breakthroughs from ever occurring.
- How to outcompete everyone else plagued with the deep-rooted following mode.

Chapter Two

- How to snap together, pick up, and wave around Neo-Tech wealth puzzles without wealth escalation ever falling apart again.
- How to bury the wimp inside who follows external guidance. How to release a money-generating titan who integrates great wealth puzzles.
- How to become the best romantic partner.
- How to change everything in your life with the Ultimate Weapon of Neo-Tech. How to remove all external guidance and all stagnation.

Chapter Three

- How to know about and smash through the most stunning neocheating hoax.
- How to hold the key puzzle piece kept from everyone for centuries.
- How to identify the mystical matrix; how to collapse it.
- How to snap together the Neo-Tech alternative into millions of dollars.
- How to see and remove money-blocking following-mode impurities around you everywhere.
- How to trash all traditional approaches that subvert your potential; how to pull the integration string as the following-mode impurities fall out.

Chapter Five

- How to stop any neocheater.
- How to expose the neocheater's impotence.
- How to break through the superstructure and its many neocheaters.
- How to journey into virgin power and wealth untouched by neocheaters.
- How to make millions through insider trading and never be prosecuted by SEC and Justice Department neocheaters.
- How to be a millionaire "illegal" alien...free from INS neocheaters.
- How an impotent average man can suddenly reign among the most successful, sought-after men in the world.

Chapter Seven

- How to dump tradition / soar with Neothink.
- How to soar beyond even the most powerful neocheaters at work while exorcising the following mode.
- How to cash in immediately at work with the Ultimate Weapon.
- How to soar past the White-Collar Hoax and subversive stagnant jobs.
- How to snap together real wealth creation.

Chapter Ten

- How to entrap the IRS neocheaters to halt their evil destructiveness.
- How to visit deep inside the secret Neo-Tech meetings.
- How to apply the secrets and unstoppable power of I & O Publishing Company.

- How to capture the controlling element of the universe for supra-power, the key to controlling everything...money, power, romantic love.
- How to acquire rapid power and wealth through iron-grip control of everything that moves.
- How to capture the largest money-making deals into your control.

Chapter Fourteen

- How to make money extra fast by breaking and draining neocheaters.
- How to "hunt" neocheaters for sport and profit. All their wealth and power, all set up and set in place, sits vulnerable to those who discover Neo-Tech.
- How to know who to entrap to quickly cash in on as you rise to power and wealth.
- How to make 100 million dollars in 50 hours.

Chapter Sixteen

- How to command: "Let there be wealth!" with the following mode collapsed within you and neocheating collapsed around you.
- How to activate the mind into a power reactor: A whole new dimension of integrated power bursts into existence when the mind becomes free of impurities. Only a handful of people out of billions have tapped the power-reactor dimension of their minds. Nearly every person's mind, to some degree, contains impurities — integration blockers. Those impurities block the explosion into a new dimension of integrated power that would generate millions of dollars. As in a power reactor, not until the last traces of impurities are gone can the explosion into that new dimension of integrated power occur. ...How to remove those following-mode impurities of the mind that act as integration blockers preventing a power-reactor explosion into making millions of dollars, blocking Neo-Tech wealth puzzles from snapping together and radiating money-making breakthroughs as well as business, science, and medical breakthroughs.
- How to make the Neo-Tech Matrix square your income from, say, \$20,000 to \$400 million. That can happen perhaps over a lifetime, a decade, or even a year with the Neothink mind.

Chapter Seventeen

- How to snap together the unlimited money future of Neo-Tech men versus sink into the stagnated money future of ordinary men.
- How to capture integrated power and sexual competence greater than the richest and most prominent people alive.
- How to discover the clandestine Neo-Tech breakthrough cure for AIDS, cancer, heart disease, even aging...no FDA neocheaters could stop these unregulated breakthroughs.

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Mid-East Refugees

Who are they, what is the story?

You have read about hundreds of thousands of "Palestinian refugees" crowding camps in the Middle East, more than 40 years after leaving what is now Israel. Have you ever wondered why they are still homeless wanderers and why they have never been settled? Are you aware that they are not the only "refugees" in the Middle East?

What are the facts?

■ In 1948, on the day of the proclamation of the State of Israel, five Arab armies invaded the new country from all sides. In frightful radio broadcasts, they urged the Arabs living there to leave, so that the invading armies could operate without interference. They could return after the expected quick victory in that "holy war", get their property back—and that of the Jews. Things turned out differently. The invading armies were defeated. Those who had left became refugees—people without a country. Those who stayed, and their children, are full-fledged citizens of the State of Israel.

■ These so-called "Palestinian refugees" have not been allowed to settle in the "indivisible Arab nation". They have been supported in camps since 1948. So far, close to \$1.8 billion has been spent on their maintenance. No end is in sight. Who pays for that? You guessed it: through UNWRA Relief, the United States contributes more than 60% of the total cost.

■ But there is another side to the "refugee" story. Little is heard of the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries, who fled those countries to settle in the newly formed Jewish state of Israel. Every one of these refugees was immediately accepted, resettled, taken care of, and given full citizenship by the fledgling, impoverished, and embattled Jewish State. There never has been, and there certainly is not now, a Jewish "refugee camp" in Israel or anywhere else.

It is clear that the "Palestinian refugee problem" is a red herring, a phony issue, kept alive by the Arab nations for their political purposes, and with cynical disregard for the almost 600,000 impoverished people who still lead a sub-human existence in these camps. If the "Palestinian refugee problem" were to be solved—and it could disappear virtually overnight—the legitimacy of the State of Israel could no longer be questioned. But that is not acceptable to the Arabs. They are firmly committed not to allow any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. It is that, and that alone, which is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem".

■ The Arab refugees who fled Israel left little wealth and little history, since most of them had not come to "Palestine" until Jewish settlers opened economic opportunities in what had been a desolate country for centuries. But the Jews of Arab lands have a history going back thousands of years. When forced to flee, they left behind land, wealth, and a long history. They arrived in Israel, quite literally, only "with their shirts on their backs". They now make up 55% of the vibrant and productive population of Israel. What have the Arabs, the richest people in the world, done with "their" refugees in more than 40 years? They have kept them in misery, on the dole of the world, have taught their hopeless youth the "skills" of suicide missions and of slaughtering defenseless and unarmed men, women, and children.

■ Population transfers have been widely practiced throughout history. In 1923, Greece and Turkey agreed to the resettlement of 2 million Greeks and 800,000 Turks; in 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million(!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. The "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast, underpopulated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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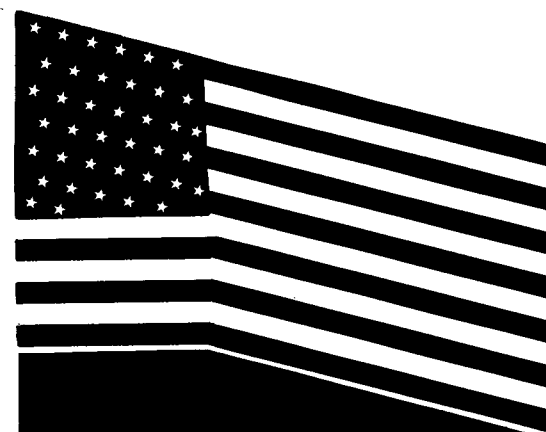
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THE CONTINUING CRISIS



• April, as the poet has it, is the cruelest month of all—though in 1990 it is but one of four consecutive cruel months, at least for those ideological heirlooms who still cling to the antique belief that history progresses ever leftward. Today progress is to the right and rightward we go.

• Echoing the German shout of a month before, Hungarians elected a conservative-dominated government in their first free elections in forty-three years. In Yugoslavia, Croatian nationalists voted in overwhelming numbers. Breaking with statist policies that have been petrified since 1910, Mexico agreed to consider free-trade negotiations with the United States. Estonia joined Lithuania in agitating for independence from the Soviet Union, though President Mikhail Gorbachev responded inhospitably and, in the case of Lithuania, grimly. And in a heartening display of libertarian bravura some 40 percent of the American people resisted the importunities of the U.S. Census Bureau.

• Among the world's intelligentsia there are now growing numbers of ex's everywhere but in the United States. Ex-Marxists have been multiplying in France ever since the 1970s, when the writings of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn were secreted into the land of Sartre. Ex-socialists proliferated throughout the United Kingdom during the prosperous 1980s. Practically everyone in Eastern Europe is now an ex-Communist, and the metamorphosis is even transforming many Soviet citizens into ex's. Yet back in Hick Town, USA, the yokels hold fast to their barbaric orthodoxy and snarl at the bold capitalists and democrats in the outside world. Hick Town, USA, of course, is the American college campus where there are whole English departments composed of illiterates, history departments where the profs are in doubt as to the approximate date of the Norman Conquest or as to what Norman's last name might have been, departments of social science where the faculty is neither social nor aware of any science beyond astrology. In fact, were the late Professor Richard Hofstadter to write his classic study, *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, today, he would have to include a second volume on the intellectual torpor of Academe. The whole world

changes but not America's Liberal academic; he only gets worse.

• The *Chicago Tribune* reports that the City of Chicago is soliciting bids to purchase 250,000 condoms to be distributed gratis at AIDS testing sites. Declared a Mr. Tim Hadac, the exultant spokesman for the city's Department of Health, "By putting them up for bid, we can buy a year's supply in one crack . . ."—though he did not explain the purpose of this extravagant act. New York City has announced that its top scofflaw is Miss Sylvia Matos of Manhattan, who has compiled parking violations amounting to \$171,746. Second was Mr. Charles Rivera of the Bronx with \$149,342, followed by eight other Latin names. Nonetheless, no civil rights group has risen to resist this subtle defamation.

• April was another intellectually challenging month at Columbia University, where on April 18 a very enlightening seminar analyzed quiddities mined from the fascinating theme "Hair or Bare: The Politics of Women's Body Hair." Also, the birthday of Megumi Ikeda was observed in the customary manner; no deaths were reported. The film *Domestic Bliss* was sponsored by the jovial controversialists of Columbia's Lesbians, Bisexuals, and Gay Coalition, which also showed the film *Tongue Tied*. Michigan State



University ended its All-University Diversity and Excellence Conference by conferring ten munificent "gifts" on local boomers of affirmative action and equal opportunity. "I found it one of the most moving awards ceremonies I have been to," sniffled University Provost David Scott. "The people who were being awarded were very moved themselves, almost to tears." Mr. Scott is precisely the kind of sap one meets in Hick Town; he goes for days without a change in underclothing.

• The repression of free expression continues throughout George Bush's America. On April 11, Mrs. Frances M. Phillips, 43, who previously had slapped a Florida prosecutor in the face after her son was sentenced to three years imprisonment, was sentenced to ninety days in the Santa Rosa County slammer. The jail is in Milton, Florida, in the event that the editors of the *Progressive* or the *Nation* should want to enter subscriptions for Mrs. Phillips. Mr. Salman Rushdie, the author of various impieties against Islam who is now living under the protection of what he was wont to call Mrs. Margaret Thatcher's police state, continues to bite the hand that feeds. When British judges refused to allow local Muslims to prosecute him under the British blasphemy laws, the creep admonished Parliament to repeal the laws as "dangers for freedom of expression." And so Godless has America become that the militants of Miss Madalyn Murray O'Hair's American Atheists have had to go twenty-five feet below the waters off Key Largo to take offense. Yet there, on a federally protected coral reef, a shocking statue of Mr. Jesus Christ has been corrupting the fish since the 1960s, when an Italian industrialist donated it to the Underwater Society of America. The reef has since become a responsibility of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration of the federal government, and it is the judgment of the professional atheists that its statue violates the constitutional separation of church and state.

• Eighty-seven late-night revelers passed away in the Bronx after a fire was lit at the Happy Land Social Club by Julio Gonzales, who allegedly desired the death of his ex-girlfriend, Miss Lydia Feliciano, a Happy Land employee who survived and turned the lout

in. Boasting of his generals' competence in the art of chemical warfare, Iraqi strongman Mr. Saddam Hussein threatened to annihilate half of Israel; which, of course, would leave him in serious trouble with the other half. Miss Sarah Vaughan died, as did Mrs. Marjorie Weil, who in 1932 invented the modern way to mass produce sliced Melba. The reclusive actress Miss Greta Garbo died, eliciting a reprise of surprisingly garrulous tales about that which does not easily inspire comment, namely, a person's absence—and in Miss Garbo's case a not particularly intelligent person at that. In San Francisco Mr. Donald C. Knutson, 59, a co-founder of the National Gay Rights Advocates, died of Rock Hudson's Disease, as did the fashion designer Halston.

• Consumerism remains rampant in the land. In Atlanta, Georgia, an indignant Mr. Willie J. Collins stormed into police headquarters, deposited a packet of crack cocaine on the desk of Officer V. J. Williams, and demanded the arrest of the drug pusher who had sold it to him, because he had "paid \$20 for it, and it wasn't any good." Unfortunately, also rampant in the land is the war against drugs, and Officer Williams arrested this Naderite of the streets. The FBI reported a three percent rise in crime last year, causing police to increase their vigilance. In Portland, Maine, an especially tough school crossing guard, Mr. James F. Murphy, shot at an obstreperous student but missed. Mr. James Brown, the soul singer and winner of two Grammy awards, was freed from prison where he has been serving sixteen months of a six-year sentence for aggravated assault. Mr. Robert Polhill was freed by Islamic fanatics who had held him captive for over three years, and on April 24, a lachrymose Mr. Michael Milken, the junk bond genius, pleaded guilty to six felony counts and agreed to pay \$600 million in penalties.

• In religious news, April 23 passed without incident despite the prophecy of Mrs. Elizabeth Clare Prophet, 51, of the Church Universal and Triumphant, that on that day the earth would not make it, owing most likely to nuclear attack from the Soviet Union. The day before, millions of nature lovers observed the twentieth anniversary of Earth Day despite the spread of nuclear

power, oil spills, disposable diapers, Alar, asbestos, cigar smoke, and other alarming phenomena against which we mere mortals can do nothing. Many apprehensive Americans began the solemnities a day early on April 21, and none with more fervor and general buffoonery than the crazed citizens of Berkeley.

• There, in that astonishing community,

2,000 marchers turned out representing such little known organizations as "Environmental-Based Healing Arts," "Philippine Women Against American Bases," "National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws," and something called the "Young Democrats." The faithful marched from Martin Luther King Park along a circuitous route that

brought them back to Martin Luther King Park, though few seemed to notice where they were as they paraded along, glassy-eyed, on pogo sticks, stilts, roller skates, and in automobiles that had no motors and were perforce pushed by the most ardent of the marchers. They did notice the contribution of an *American Spectator* collaborator who sent a biplane flying overhead and

pulling a banner addressed to Mrs. Loni Hancock, Berkeley's sandalista mayor. The poster read "Loni, Fill Our Potholes." At the beginning of April, the journal *Science* reported that data gathered by the Tiros-N series weather satellites proved that there has been no global warming over the past decade—but Earth Day was held anyway.

—RET

CORRESPONDENCE

An Open Letter to P. J. O'Rourke

Normally I don't let myself get worked up by such trash, but there is the danger that someone might believe some of the lies you've printed about Nicaragua ["Mood Swings in Managua," *TAS*, May 1990]. It's amazing that you're willing to incriminate yourself so—perhaps the ugliest American in print. How lenient are we here in this country on foreigners barging in to voting stations on election day and snorting as if they owned the place? If you'd continued north on your high and mighty tour of Nicaragua on election day perhaps you could have talked to some of the Nicaraguans who knew Ben Linder and were enjoying night classes and better health because of the electricity that he brought to their town for the first time.

In my first and last perusal of *The American Spectator*, I must say that it takes the cake for vulgarity and is a shameless waste of trees.

—Alexandra Escudero
Washington, D.C.

P. J. O'Rourke replies:

Miss Escudero did, I notice, continue north—all the way to Washington, D.C. Washington is certainly a place where she can talk to the kind of people who knew Ben Linder and enjoy night classes.

Populism vs. Democracy

Maurice Cranston ["American vs. British Conservatism: an Even Match?" *TAS*, April 1990] links G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc with Percy Wyndham Lewis, Evelyn Waugh, and T. S. Eliot as men with "no love for democracy but a profound mistrust of democracy, and no great enthusiasm for personal liberty either."

As applied to the latter three, this may be a colorable oversimplification. As applied to Chesterton and Belloc, it is absurd. Both of these writers were populists to the core. When they criticized the institutions of their day that advanced under democratic pretenses, it was to argue that they in fact promoted the interests of elites

over those of the common man.

Has Mr. Cranston read Chesterton and Belloc, or is he just going with his hunches about what "RCs" are like?

—David M. Wagner
Manassas, Virginia

Maurice Cranston replies:

I agree with your correspondent that Chesterton and Belloc were populists, but I would argue against him that there is a great difference between such populism and democracy as known in American political experience and as it is studied in American political science. Democracy, thus understood, is a form of pluralistic, representative government, upholding individual rights of life, liberty, and property, a method of government based on a free capitalist economic system of the kind which both Chesterton and Belloc attacked and sought to replace with a variant of socialism they called "distributism."

Beware!

Dear Pleszczynski [sic],

There's a mistake in almost every paragraph of your man Terzian's "piece" on Fairlie, but don't be alarmed: the whole thing is filth. I was not aware that your paper's "values" allowed for such achievements ["Fairlie Tales," by Philip Terzian, *TAS*, May 1990].

It won't put a crimp in your day, but stay the hell away from me.

—Leon Wieseltier
The New Republic
Washington, D.C.

The Macroeconomics of Begging

That Ernest van den Haag should find begging by healthy young men reprehensible ["Why Are They Begging?" *TAS*, April 1990] comes as little surprise. What is surprising is how casually he lays aside the free market analysis that is the hallmark of the prestigious organization of which he is a part.

The existence (and number) of the professional panhandlers Mr. van den

Haag so despises should suggest to him that begging is a viable alternative to both the dole and the menial jobs whose help-wanted signs he sees everywhere. Anecdotal evidence further suggests that begging, like any occupation, has both stellar and average performers, with the best making quite a very good living indeed.

Under an economic analysis, begging is a solicitation for your dollars; no different in essence than TV ads for the latest diet nostrum or stockbrokers cold-calling you at the office.

In fact, the begging transaction is arguably purer than any number of other consumer transactions. One is not led to expect a gain in material wealth, greater comfort, or better looks. No product or service is held out for exchange. There can be no misunderstanding of the nature of the exchange or the value received.

Money given to a beggar is a voluntary decision. It is direct action. Contrast that with the collection of tax dollars and their flow to programs one would not voluntarily support and the government's inefficient distribution of resources to those one does support.

Further, money given to a beggar does not simply flow into some black hole or even the coffers of overseas corporations. For the most part, it stays in the same arena; one man's lunch money becoming another man's lunch money. Yes, sometimes it moves into the unofficial economy of drugs or gambling. (No one involved in more traditional occupations would ever spend his money that way, would he?) But just as likely, the money stays above ground buying food, transportation, clothing, perhaps even a condo.

The right to invest one's time and energy in a licit occupation of one's choosing is a cornerstone of the free market system. Begging is legal. The fact that local governments sometimes see fit to regulate it in a manner similar to business zoning laws only underscores its status as a legitimate occupation.

Mr. van den Haag, like the rest of us, has the option of not doing business

with beggars. He may even take them to task for not paying taxes. But to ex-coriate them simply because they choose one way of making a living over another jeopardizes the assumptions of value supporting many other, more "proper" occupations.

—Michael N. Laskoe
Charlottesville, Virginia

Ernest van den Haag replies:

Mr. Laskoe thinks that begging is profitable and legal and therefore should be acceptable as "a viable alternative to both the dole and . . . menial jobs." He does not tell why he thinks beggars are not on the dole. He is correct in stressing, as I did, that begging is an alternative to menial jobs. He does not tell why he favors it, i.e., why he favors people soliciting gifts, begging, instead of working. He also thinks that begging is "purer" than other transactions because non-deceptive. Apparently he believes whatever beggars tell him. Finally, since giving to a beggar is voluntary, Mr. Laskoe thinks begging is a legitimate transaction that fits into our market system.

Now, I did not advocate making begging a crime. Rather, I advocated that those who, as I do, feel that begging is not in the social interest or in theirs, should not give to beggars (with a few exceptions). Mr. Laskoe favors voluntariness. Hence he must agree that we can refrain from a transaction we do not wish to volunteer for. There are several reasons for not volunteering.

First, unlike producers (or advertisers who offer services valuable to them) beggars neither produce nor offer anything in exchange for the money they solicit. Why foster a non-productive occupation and decrease the incentive for productive work?

Second, giving is not quite as voluntary as Mr. Laskoe alleges. Usually the beggar makes a nuisance of himself so that people pay to get rid of him. Not quite duress, but not quite voluntary either.

Even when people give quite voluntarily, they do not do so because they
(continued on page 39)

EDITORIALS



AN ANTI-AMERICAN POSEUR

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Having spent four decades listening to Soviet leaders threaten to transform our country into a cemetery, it is with the utmost joy that I read of democracy and free enterprise peacefully encroaching upon Marx's turf and Lenin's prison camps. For all my life our government has resisted tyrants out of a commitment to democracy and personal liberty, and for our efforts we have seen our embassies burned, our flag desecrated, and a host of flag-draped coffins and body bags sufficient to remind us that Americans kept fighting for freedom long after our allies had retired from the field of battle. Thus today I am less indulgent of Europe's jackass anti-Americans than in the past, and I hope other Americans are too.

The peaceful transformations now taking place in Eastern Europe and—let us hope—even deeper behind the old Iron Curtain represent a vindication of American Cold War policy. In years past there might have been some good reason for European anti-Americanism. For instance, some anti-American Europeans might have been annoyed that we did not quietly stand back and allow them to be overrun by Nazis or even better by progressive Communists. But I think today any European who is not a Nazi diehard or a Communist has got to be pleased that we cared enough about the Old World—as I like to call it—to send troops, foreign aid, and chocolate. Of course, many anti-Americans claim that their anti-Americanism is nobly based. We send over repulsive pop performers and McDonald's poison patties where Bach and *haute cuisine* should reign. Yes, but Americans do not force Europeans to buy the stuff; they buy it willingly. *Caveat emptor*, as the phrase has it.

I say it is time to give it back to the anti-Americans good and hard. Those who are not themselves bitter-end authoritarians are mere twits rendered irritable by futile resentment and envy.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

Moreover, with Eastern Europe opening to the West you can expect a fresh outburst of anti-Americanism, particularly from Britain with its combination of unhappy socialists and fudduddies nostalgic for the faraway days of Empire. An example of the anti-Americanism that I have in mind was offered a month or so ago by the social columnist Auberon Waugh, whining in London's *Sunday Telegraph* that "the new smoking ban on all domestic flights in the United States provided as good a reason as any for never revisiting that neurotic, disease-ridden country." Before reading this I had not been able to detect anything favorable about this coercive government edict against smokers; but if it will keep a nuisance



like Waugh out of our country it is not wholly without merit.

He is precisely the kind of twit anti-American who in this time of American vindication deserves our contempt. For one thing, he is an ignoramus. Whole countries are not very likely to be neurotic, though individuals are and Waugh's writing betrays more symptoms of neuroses than the pronouncements of the average American fanatic. As for his judgment that this land of joggers and health enthusiasts is "disease-ridden," here again is an example of the anti-American's basic stupidity. Aside from certain pathologies isolated among small groups of Americans, ours is one of the healthiest populations on earth, surely as healthy as that of Great Britain. In fact, so healthy is the United States that a serious problem now facing us is not how to stay alive but how humanely to give up the ghost.

Waugh is the son of the late Evelyn

Waugh, a very competent novelist; but the Waugh blood has now run quite thin. Waugh *père* was well-educated and wrote knowledgeably. The younger Waugh is a man of poses, who rarely writes with a substantial knowledge of anything important aside from an occasionally accurate reference to wine and good food. Even his father recognized his son's vacantness when he described Auberon in a diary note as being "clumsy and disheveled, sly, without intellectual,

aesthetic or spiritual interest."

Evelyn Waugh's description can doubtless be extended to many other brat Europeans who while growing up in the security vouchsafed by American power sniped incessantly at America's flaws, real and imagined. Had they genuine intellectual interest in the subject of their resentment they might write intelligently about the country that fifty years ago broke from isolationism to ally with Europe in the splendid cause of scotching tyranny. □

TWISTED AND HALLUCINATORY

What follows is what the venerable Liberal columnist Anthony Lewis wrote the other day. For that matter, it is also what he was writing several weeks ago, several months ago, and several years ago. Come to think of it, it is the kind of thing that Anthony Lewis always writes whenever two words pop into his mind: Ronald and Reagan. From the day Reagan entered the White House to the present, Anthony Lewis has been singing pretty much the same song, quoth the sage: "History is closing in fast on Ronald Reagan. Fifteen months ago he left office in a glow of public affection. Today he is increasingly identified with greed, corruption and conspiracy."

In support of this hallucination Lewis then linked the former President to the savings and loan scandal, which involved not the President but congressmen and senators most of whom are Democrats (of the Keating Five, four are Democrats). Lewis also blamed Reagan for the excesses of junk bonds, though Reagan had no interest in the issue and the leading critics of the excesses of junk bonds have mostly been conservative Republicans, for instance, the buy-out specialist Theodore J. Forstmann. Oh yes, and Lewis went on at some length about Iran-contra, adding grimly that Reagan's "amiable style, his hold on the public's affection, made Congress shy away from the impeachment process or any serious political challenge."

Well, at least factual evidence does exist for linking Ronald Reagan with American foreign policy vis-à-vis Central America. As President, Reagan was responsible for American foreign policy. But does Anthony Lewis really think that the Reagan Administration's Central American policy brings disrepute to Reagan and warrants talk of "impeachment"? For eight years Reagan doggedly followed the recommendations of the Kissinger Commission by providing military security in the region so that democracy might take root in countries with little democratic experience. As a consequence of Reagan's perseverance, democracy is replacing despotism in Panama, El Salvador, and—*mirabile dictu*—Nicaragua.

Still, despite these accomplishments Anthony Lewis writes wistfully of doing a Watergate on Ronald Reagan—which is not all: he concludes his most recent column on Reagan by comparing his presidency with the infamous presidency of Warren Harding. Sometimes a point of view simply petrifies in time. It no longer is capable of discernment or of any fresh cognition whatsoever. Confronted by history with a new script and a new cast of characters, the bewildered Anthony Lewis can only summon up familiar images from a well-known past. He reviews the record of America's fortieth President and from the time capsule of his mind lugs out a dusty portrait of Warren Harding. Well, it is

futile to argue with a monomaniac.

Reagan's policy in Central America has been vindicated by the electoral defeat of the Sandinistas and by the removal of Noriega. Reagan's assistant secretary of state Elliott Abrams began the defenestration of Noriega when almost no one thought it possible or even prudent. The goal was a democratic Panama, and that goal is now being realized. Reagan's military aid for El Salvador was meant to shore up democ-

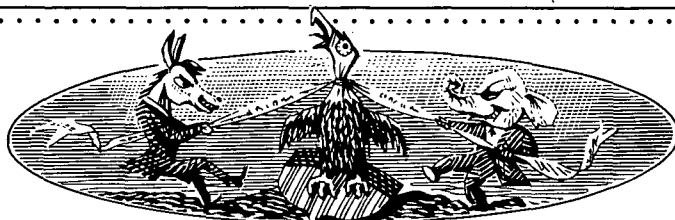
racy there, and that goal too is being slowly realized. His support of the contras was always viewed as instrumental toward a democratic outcome in Nicaragua. Through the years he aided the contras against all his critics worldwide, none of whom summed up the left's confused complaint more pithily than British Labour party leader Neil Kinnock, who in 1986 said: "The people of Nicaragua are still struggling to keep their infant democracy alive against the

attacks of terrorists armed and funded by the government of the United States. What makes a great country like America, itself born in revolution, finance the evil people who murder the innocents in Nicaragua?"

Reagan's goal of a democratic Nicaragua is now being realized despite all the twisted charges he endured. His adversaries denied the soundness of American policy right up to the day when the Nicaraguan people voted

tyranny out. As late as February 20, on the ABC evening news, Peter Jennings would cite a dubious poll and prophesy: "For the Bush Administration and the Reagan Administration . . . the poll hints at a simple truth: after years of trying to get rid of the Sandinistas, there is not much to show for their efforts." Apparently Anthony Lewis and his left-wing fans still believe this, though not many Central Americans do. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



MOON OVER MOSCOW

by Tom Bethell

We passed through customs at Moscow with scarcely an official glance at our luggage. It seems the Soviet authorities have given up trying to control what people bring into the country. On the other side of the door, where the general public waits behind the barrier, the lighting was dim. Visible was a grimy counter where they seemed to be serving snacks. Our guide, employed by Novosti Press, told us in the bus not to drink the tap water in our hotel rooms. Not safe, apparently. Stick to mineral water. Or Coca Cola. Along with several other Novosti people, the guide was working temporarily for the World Media Association, helping to organize their giant conference in Moscow, to which I and about 500 other people had been invited.

Rev. Sun Myung Moon, 70, who was imprisoned by the Communists in North Korea at the time of the Korean War, and subsequently founded the Unification Church (of which the World Media Association is an offshoot), was long considered to be anti-Soviet, and certainly anti-Communist. Recently, however, he has been making very friendly gestures toward the Kremlin, taking out full-page ads praising President Gorbachev as a "man of great courage and conviction," and declaring himself "willing to support his program any way that I can." When a fire damaged the offices of *Moscow News* on February 15, Rev. Moon promptly pledged \$100,000 in support.

We were staying at the Mezhduna-

rodnaya Hotel, built in the 1980s by Armand Hammer. Jude Wanniski of Polyconomics was in the hotel lobby, advising the Soviet government (he told me) to adopt his proposal to make the ruble convertible to gold. The problem is that he does not know that the Soviets in fact have a store of bullion. They may already have sold it all (within days of mining it). All attempts to extract reliable information from the Soviets on this point (including an attempt by Wayne Angell of the Federal Reserve Board) have failed.

It was good to see the unflappable Larry Moffitt once more. The hotel had completely reneged on its contract with the World Media Association, he told me. In fact, they seemed to have no notion of the meaning of contract. Organizing a conference in Moscow had been far more difficult than anywhere else in the world (and this was the World Media Association's eleventh conference). "If you're thinking of putting on a conference here," Moffitt said by way of summary, "don't." The money they had paid to the conference center had not been passed on to subcontractors but had been treated as captured booty rather than a medium of exchange.

In the last six or seven years, Moffitt has made numerous trips to the Soviet Union. He said the economy was declining, illustrating the collapse of socialist morale with the following story. In Gorky Park he saw a man selling, for five kopeks each, broken light bulbs—"the kind that are black and rattle when you shake them." Russians take them to work, unscrew the good light bulbs in the office and replace

them with the burnt-out ones. "The man who goes around replacing the broken light bulbs notices that they aren't the ones he put in," Moffitt said, "but he doesn't mind because he sells the broken ones back to the man in Gorky Park." Socialist property is shamelessly privatized whenever it can conveniently be carried away.

Cathy Young, who grew up in Moscow, left ten years ago (and changed her name), and lives now in New Jersey, was a member of the group and the next day she decided to visit her old neighborhood in the Sokolniki district of Moscow. I went with her, together with Dan Fefferman of the American Freedom Coalition. The taxi driver would take nothing but dollars. This seemed to be the common experience of everyone on the tour. Dollars (and presumably other hard currencies) or American cigarettes were routinely demanded by taxi drivers. Rubles are rejected. Inside our hotel, nothing could be bought with Russian money. You can now legally exchange one dollar for six rubles, but taxi drivers and risk-takers on the streets will give you twelve and according to an estimate by an economist I met (a student of Hayek and Von Mises), the market rate is now about twenty to one. Inflation is obviously soaring and by the end of the year no doubt the figures I have just provided will seem quaint.

"The newspapers have become more interesting to read but unfortunately you can't eat newspapers," the cab driver told Cathy Young. We were driving past the Riga train station, through

the grime and smoke and decay of Moscow's northern streets. Half the buildings are disguised ruins, never maintained because The Plan did not anticipate the need for maintenance. Grit filled the air, old military lorries belched smoke, ancient transmission systems were grinding for lack of oil. Piles of long-abandoned gravel were heaped on verges of muddy grass. We were surrounded on all sides by mud and dirt and shabbiness. The driver said he had relatives in the States. "Not everyone can go to America," he said. "Some have to stay here to improve things."

We walked around and went into a few of the shops that Cathy used to visit. She said that she could not honestly see that much was different. Everything looked run down, she said, but then it may have been that way ten years ago. She would have taken it for granted. There was food of a sort in the shops (contrary to the direst predictions she had heard). A meat shop we entered was so revolting that I only just got out before being overcome by nausea. Cathy's experience corresponded to mine. I had only once been to Moscow before, four years earlier, and everything looked terribly run down, dirty and hopeless then. It is not easy on these occasions to report honestly what one sees and to distinguish this from what one hears from others (who may well be repeating what they have heard from still others). Moscow looked the same to me. The shops were, as before, either pathetic or revolting.

What clearly has changed is the political and intellectual climate. Glasnost is a reality. The newspapers are filled

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.

with debate. People are no longer afraid to express opinions to strangers. Outside the office of *Moscow News*, which we visited that afternoon, there was a vocal debate about the merits of Communism (one man contending that it worked for him because he was paid without having to work). Inside the pages of *Moscow News* there has been a running debate about the merits of private property. At the same time,

however, the old constraints on economic life are still in place, more or less. Police power and the will to exercise it is breaking down, but it is still exercised with sufficient frequency to prevent the free exchange of goods between consenting adults. In fact, one of our conference attendees was picked up on the Arbat (a rudimentary flea market and pedestrian mall about a mile from the Kremlin) and impris-

oned for three hours for exchanging currency at an illicit rate.

The vacuum created by the decline of police power has partly been filled by local mafias, their leather-jacketed representatives now conspicuous at hotel entrances. By all accounts party officials are routinely bribed and the underground economy is growing rapidly. If this were to continue without interruption, economic life would of

course improve, not decline. It is possible that even today there really has been some improvement. But this may not have been recognized as such because (I am guessing) the real improvement of glasnost may have created a general expectation that life in general would be transformed. This has not happened, and the subsequent disappointment may have been construed as economic decline.

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... Leftist Actor John Randolph

Incidentally, it is a little noticed paradox of our time—showing how deeply embedded and socialistic are the premises of our age—that freedom of expression should be regarded as a more basic right, and granted a more urgent protection from state power, than the freedom of contract. One should have thought that society might well be organized with these priorities reversed: the people allowed to manufacture material goods and exchange them among themselves without requiring permission from the authorities; while understandably at times being restricted in what they may say or put into print. After all, people are almost always harmlessly engaged while making a living, but with soap boxes, printing presses, and pamphlets they can cause no end of trouble.

The original idea of (classical) liberalism was that both contract and expression should be free; the original idea of Communism was that neither should be. For decades the American liberal-left sought to curtail freedom of contract (except where the freedom of exchange served the greater good of assaulting religious values, e.g., in the production of porn); this is the ACLU agenda in a nutshell. Now, at least in the universities, the left is striving to curtail expression as well. In the Soviet Union today, expression is much less restricted, and it is probably only a matter of time before contract is likewise liberated. In any event, the current "imbalance" between the two (the people free to express discontent but not free to seek contentment) surely cannot be sustained. One or the other will have to go.

On my earlier visit to the Soviet Union we met the female "commandant from the Urals" who told us she was happy to be in Moscow because "Lenin is here." This time the corpse in Lenin's tomb had been removed, apparently for repair work, and there was no longer a line outside Lenin's Mausoleum in Red Square. Walk several blocks up Gorky Street, however, and you encounter an even longer line—outside McDonald's. Is this not a perfect symbol of the change that has taken place? The McDonald's line was truly amazing, one of those long snaking affairs winding back and forth be-

tween police barriers; a half-hour wait, I was told. It was a poignant sight: hundreds of people standing patiently in a fine drizzle on the muddy sidewalk, queuing up for hamburgers and french fries. One could not but feel sorry for these poor people, subjected for over seventy years to this futile, evil experiment in the transformation of human nature.

The perseverance required by McDonald's executives to get the place open must have been extraordinary. I hope they are given permission to open several more, one ideally on the site of Lenin's Tomb, which should be demolished.

"Almost certainly a waxworks, isn't it?" said Nikolai Tolstoy, of Lenin's mummy. Tolstoy, who was attending the conference, is a British writer and collateral descendant of the famous author. One day I walked with him halfway across Moscow, from the beautiful Yelokhovskiy Cathedral (where we attended a service on Good Friday) to the Kremlin. "Sad, isn't it?" he said of the city. "It's like a gigantic junkyard." But (like Richard Pipes, the Harvard University historian) he said the Russians wanted to publish all his books, including *Victims of Yalta*, *Stalin's Secret War*, and his recent book *The Minister and the Massacres* (about the forcible repatriation of Cossacks to the Soviet Union at the end of World War II).

Back at the hotel, the Rev. Moon was in place at the center of the tremendous dais, surrounded by thirty-five former heads of state, mostly Latin American, mostly wearing double-breasted suits (three former presidents of Costa Rica!). Behind them was a festive forest of national flags and a motto on the wall read: "The Summit Council for World Peace." The president of the Soviet Council of World Peace praised Gorbachev in terms that outdid even Rev. Moon's eulogy. There was much talk of global cooperation, the efforts of humanity being extolled, with a new day dawning for all mankind. This was beginning to look uncannily like a UNESCO conference. The only difference was that sitting in the audience were some of the world's leading anti-Communists, such as Reed Irvine of Accuracy in Media and Arnold Beichman of the Hoover Institution. Outside the hall was a Novosti Press display, with pamphlets documenting Gorbachev's visits to Cuba and China, "Cultural Life in the Soviet Republics," and so on.

"The Soviets have been doing this for a very long time," Beichman said to his neighbor in the back of the auditorium.

"Doing what?"

"Setting up popular fronts."

"Is this turning into one more peace front?" Joachim Maitre of Boston University said to Beichman.

"It could be."

A couple of days later there was a Little Angels (Korean schoolchildren) concert in the Lenin Hills; Raisa Gorbachev in attendance; happy flags waving, floral bouquets exchanged, children hugging, international peace and harmony wherever you turned. Rev.

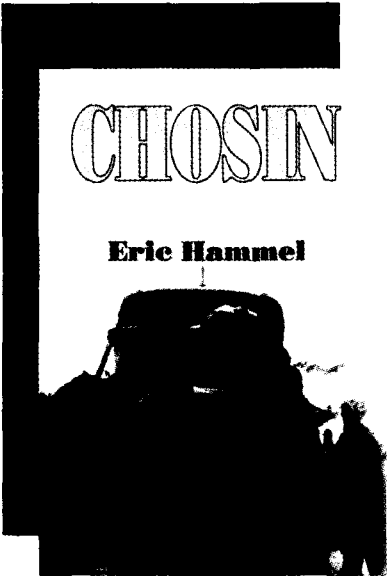
Moon spoke earnestly about how he loved the Soviet people and how much he was praying for them. Joachim Maitre walked out at that point. When Beichman got back to the hotel, he spotted Arnaud de Borchgrave, the editor of the *Washington Times*, sitting in the lobby. Some years ago de Borchgrave wrote a popular novel about Soviet disinformation, called *The Spike*. "I'm just waiting for you to repu-

diate it," Arnold said to Arnaud, "to deny that you wrote it." Arnaud laughed. Then again, Beichman pointed out after a few minutes' thought, the mutual embrace of Gorbachev and Rev. Moon "was a kick in the teeth for Kim Il Sung," the North Korean dictator. De Borchgrave added that the reunification of Korea was a key objective of the reverend. So maybe Rev. Moon won this round after all. □

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Michael Ledeen

MR. GORBACHEV'S BIZARRERIES

As he flails away at Lithuanians and others who desire freedom, the visionless and weak-willed Mikhail Gorbachev is revealing himself a worthy successor of not so much Konstantin Chernenko as the Shah of Iran.

In all the discussions of The Fall of Empires, few have paid attention to the central element. It is not Professor Kennedy's "economic overreach" that brings them down, nor the various Leninist contradictions, nor the "inevitable" cycles of civilization, à la Toynbee or Spengler. What brings down empires is something that cannot be quantified, and is often very hard to spot. It is called "failure of will," and it is what happens when the rulers of the Empire lose their belief in their own unique legitimacy. In thinking about Gorbachev, I am often reminded of the last months of the Shah, as the mobs gathered in the public squares of Persia, denouncing the Pahlavi dynasty, and demanding the return of Khomeini to Tehran. The Shah could have unleashed his armies on them, as his generals begged him. Had he done that, he would almost certainly have prevailed, the only question being the number of victims that would be claimed by the repression. But he did not, in large part because he did not wish to go down in history as a man who had spilled the blood of his own people, and in part because he awaited guidance from forces more powerful than himself—primarily the Americans.

The Shah fell because he would not fight to keep his throne, and once his enemies sensed that he would not fight, they destroyed him and all that he had built. There was nothing inevitable about the end of the Pahlavi dynasty; the Shah had ruled by force, and once he proved unwilling to use force to maintain himself, he passed into history. To be sure, there was another way out: he could have shared power, giving himself a different kind of legitimacy, and thereby providing the monarchy with a broader base of popular support. This would almost surely have worked, provided it were done early

enough and was clearly his own decision, rather than a concession of power in the face of an assault against him. But once the revolutionary process got under way, it was a question of whether he was determined to prevail.

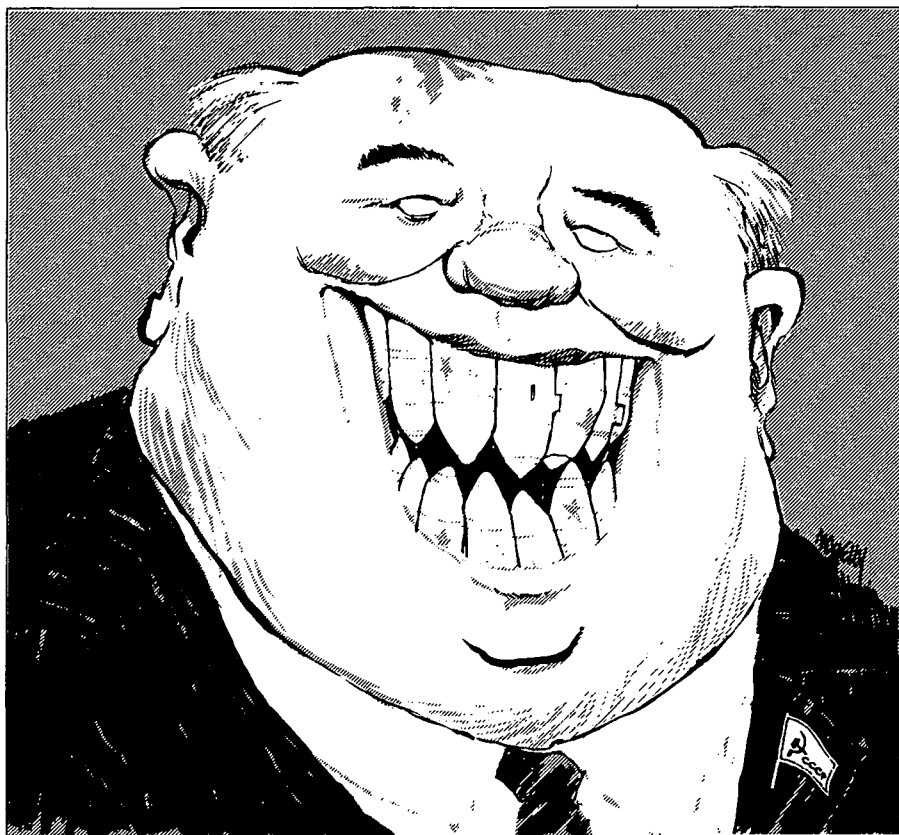
So it is today with the Soviet Empire. The revolutionary forces were unleashed when Gorbachev attempted a Leninist purge of the old-line Communist leaders of the Empire. His plan was to eliminate the Honeckers, the Ceausescus, and the Kadars, and replace them with Gorbachevites. He eliminated the former, but most of the latter were then swept away by, of all things, a popular uprising demanding self-determination and democracy. In the face of this revolutionary uprising, Gorbachev blinked twice: first, on Eastern Europe, which promptly left the Empire and is now busily negotiating with the Western world for entry, and second, on the Baltics, which are trying to do the same thing. But

halfway to the happy ending, Gorbachev abruptly changed course, and after first accepting the legitimacy of self-determination (even if that meant secession from the USSR), he has now denounced it. He has sent the Red Army and KGB goon squads into Lithuania and has brandished his iron fist at the Estonians and Latvians. At this writing, he is threatening the Lithuanians with an economic blockade.

These measures won't work, for two reasons. First, it is by now obvious to everyone that Gorbachev has no workable vision for the future of Soviet society. Indeed, it is almost impossible to determine what Gorbachev wants to do about almost any of the problems he faces. Lacking vision, his actions are disconnected and incoherent. One day he accepts the legitimacy of Lithuanian calls for independence; the next day he

sends in the troops when the Lithuanians take him seriously. One day he announces the failure of Communism; the next day he reasserts the importance of central planning. And of course each new step exposes the hollowness of the preceding efforts, further undermining Gorbachev's credibility and legitimacy. The real label for his program was coined by a Russian émigré in Paris: *catastroika*.

Second, the failure of nerve is by now clear to the citizens of the Empire, who know that it is only a matter of time before they get the better of Gorbachev. His performance over Lithuania is one of the most bizarre in recent history. He traveled to Vilnius to beg the Lithuanians not to declare independence (if you do, he said, I may lose my job). Then he offered to accept independence at a price, and even proposed \$33 billion as a reasonable fee. When the Lithuanians observed that this was the first time in history that a rapist was charging his victim for his services, the Red Army arrived, but even that has been a model of ineffectiveness and confusion. The primary mission of the army, and the KGB special forces that accompanied the regular troops, seems to have been the same as in Baku: provoke the locals into acts of violence to justify military repression. But the Lithuanians are not so easily tricked, and they have responded calmly and firmly to each new Soviet provocation. This leaves thousands of Soviet soldiers with an uncertain mission in a country where the vast majority of the population hates them. And as the warm weather comes, there will be other independence movements in other Soviet republics. Already tens of thousands of people have demonstrated in behalf of the Lithuanians in Estonia, Latvia, Kiev, Leningrad, and even Moscow. The Baltics have proclaimed the imminent creation of their own little economic community, based on free enterprise. And the Central Asian republics, along with Georgia



Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

and the Ukraine, are simmering. Gorbachev does not have enough troops to silence them all, and he does not have the determination to deliver a knockout punch in Vilnius. This is a prescription for catastrophe, for he is using enough force to enrage the forces of democratic revolution, but not enough to crush them.

So, for the next several months, there will be more trouble for Gorbachev, not less. To be sure, trouble would arrive even if there were no crisis in Lithuania, for the economy is approaching rock bottom. I dare say that even those of us who wrote that the Soviet system was in structural crisis could not have imagined the dimensions of the horror. By now, even the casual reader of the popular press knows that there is no food in Leningrad, that the destruction of the environment in the Soviet Union makes Love Canal look like a Gauguin vision of the South Seas, and that medical care is best described by the current joke about Soviet doctors discussing a patient in a Moscow hospital: "Shall we do something for her, or shall we let her live?"

Among the few organizations that believe things are going fairly well in the Soviet Union is our very own CIA, which claims that the Soviet economy actually grew in 1989. But then, the CIA seems to have been in the throes of a collective delusion for the past several months, having predicted a Sandinista landslide in Nicaragua, and an SPD triumph in East Germany. One hopes the President and his top policymakers have learned to swallow slowly the heady brews that are shipped across the river from Langley.

There is very little that can be done for Gorbachev and his system at this late date. The only real remedy is the creation of a free market and a real currency. In short: capitalism. But despite all the dazzling dance steps, Gorbachev remains unwilling to try this move. And so the Soviet system sinks deeper into the abyss. This is not leadership, it is Oz. If any Western leader behaved this way, he would be hooted out of office to cries of "fraud, buffoon" and worse.

The bottom may dissolve as early as May, when Siberian oil and gas workers threaten to walk out, and the Donbas coal miners would likely follow in their wake. That would deliver a devastating blow to the Soviet energy supply, at a time when the Kremlin is finally admitting to running a trade deficit, and when Gorbachev himself—the real one, not the holograph beamed into Western newsrooms for the evening broadcasts—calls his pal Helmut Kohl and begs for hard currency (and Kohl, the sap, shovels another DM 250 million down the black hole).

Gorbachev believes that if salvation is possible, it can only come from the West. So if only he can hang on and find enough Westerners willing to save him, the Soviet Empire may yet live on to fight another day. Thus, the repeated denunciations of COCOM (the East-West Coordinating Committee that sets limits on the technology that can be legally exported to the Soviet bloc). Thus, the appeals for joint ventures, even though the ruble is not convertible and private property cannot even be defined, let alone bought. Thus, the vast program of technological espionage aimed against the West, growing larger every month.

The real label for Gorbachev's program was coined by a Russian émigré in Paris: catastroika.

Now it would seem self-evident from all this that the West has been dealt a pat hand, and all we have to do is sit down and make a deal with Gorby. "You want money and technology and expertise, right? Fair enough. We want disengagement from various foreign adventures (shut down Fidel, for starters), real cuts in military might, and a reduction in the number of people under your thrall. Let's say that we'll let you buy some decent machine-tool factories, provided that you cut off aid to Cuba, reduce your tank and submarine production by 50 percent, and negotiate in good faith with the Baltics, Georgia, and the others." In other words, linkage. Now is the time to make sure that the Soviet Union pays a real price for its failure, and that we make real gains. Alas, not a single Western leader has advocated anything remotely like this method for dealing with Gorbachev. Instead, our leaders seem to feel that what matters most is keeping Mr. Gorbachev happy and in power. The grounds for this contention, such as they are, are that Gorbachev has been great for our side, anyone else is likely to be worse, so let's help him.

This analysis has in fact been rejected by most Western intelligence chiefs for the past two years (the CIA being a notable exception). They have been telling their political masters that the "reform" of Soviet Communism is doomed from the start, and that insofar as the success of Gorbachev depends upon the success of reform, he cannot succeed. But the political leaders do not want to hear that, perhaps because they have convinced themselves that their own electorates are so pro-Gorbachev that they must do nothing to damage, or even appear to damage, Oz's man in Moscow. And some of our leaders and their expert

advisers actually do believe that Gorbachev is terrific, that he has foreseen all, and that he stands astride the Soviet crisis like a colossus, awesome to behold, totally in charge. The view that he lacks a coherent vision, and that the Soviet crisis is out of control and without any conceivable short-term solution, is not widely accepted by Western heads of government or foreign ministers, even though the evidence for it is very powerful.

So strong are these convictions that, instead of driving home our tremendous advantages, we are making

ship—that has held the line on militarily useful technology. And when some European businesses tried to beat the system, they found themselves facing heavy fines, and even prison terms, for their top execs. So successful was COCOM that the Soviets designed a vast espionage apparatus to circumvent it.

The Germans never liked COCOM, because it prevented them from selling everything they possibly could to the Soviet bloc. Sometimes they abided by the regulations, on other occasions they simply refused to enforce them (Colonel Qaddafi built his chemical weapons factory at Rabta thanks largely to the indifference of German officials), and more recently they have lobbied for a drastic reduction in the "control" list of commodities that cannot be sold to the Soviet bloc. At a minimum, the Germans—and there is plenty of support for this view from other Western business communities, including our own—want to be able to sell most anything they want to the East European countries, treating them as if they were part of NATO. But there is a major security problem: all of the former satellites continue to funnel technology to the Soviet Union, even when it is illegal to do so. And all of the former satellites' intelligence services are still working closely with the KGB and the GRU to steal Western technology and deliver it to the Soviets. To be sure, these practices are starting to diminish, but there is a long way to go. Today, to sell "controlled" technology to Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the others is just like selling it to the Soviet



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Union. If we wish to change the treatment of Eastern Europe, we should ask these countries to join COCOM and change their current practices. But no one is saying it out loud, and at this writing the Joint Chiefs of Staff are reportedly preparing a massive reduction in the control list, at the urging of the Departments of State and Commerce.

Such unilateral concessions are embarrassing. They weaken our national security (the Soviets simply cannot develop and manufacture certain kinds of high technologies that are essential to modern weapons systems), we get nothing in return, and even the profits involved are fairly small (there isn't much real money on the other side of the line). The Germans keep hoping that they will harvest an enormous bonanza from the Soviet "market," but this remains like Brigadoon, a vision at best. Aside from deutschemark credits taken from the pockets of their own countrymen, German industrialists haven't seen any big profits from the Soviet market. And neither have most of the other businessmen chasing this mirage. But where is the Western leader who will say to his businessmen, "Listen, fellows. They don't have any money in the Soviet Union. And whatever we sell them in the hi-tech field will go for military purposes: they don't have a civilian industrial base capable of absorbing the kind of technology that you're talking about. So please, calm down." Above all, it is strategically dangerous. As Senator Malcolm Wallop asked rhetorically in a letter to Commerce Secretary Mosbacher,

Why, when we are fighting to maintain a credible defense force at much lower levels and when major defense cutbacks will force us to rethink the way in which we can maintain a viable defense industrial base, are we so willing to give away the very technology which has put the United States consistently ahead of the game? This seems to me totally irresponsible, at best.

The answer is political: it makes Gorbachev happy. But sooner or later our leaders are going to have to face up to the fact that Gorbachev doesn't deliver what he promises. Secretary of State Baker had to go to Congress in March to tell his friends there that Gorbachev was reconsidering some of the concessions he had promised on arms reductions. West German Foreign Minister Genscher, Secretary Baker, and President Bush had to explain how the Soviets, after saying they accepted the notion of a united Germany that was not neutral, announced endorsement of a united Germany that would be simultaneously in NATO and the Warsaw Pact (in other words, neutral). And Gorbachev promised British Foreign Secretary Hurd that there would be no cutoff of essential supplies to Lithu-

ania . . . just days before the move was announced. Eventually, the President will also realize that the American public is not going to swallow the abandonment of Lithuania and the other nations under Soviet occupation. Freedom is indivisible, and a President that approves it in Nicaragua and Panama, but will not even verbally support it in Lithuania, will be seen by his own people as either very confused, or hypocritical. It is bad politics, and it is bad policy, because the happy ending we should be working for is the breakup of the Soviet Empire. We want our friends to be big and strong, and our enemies small and weak.

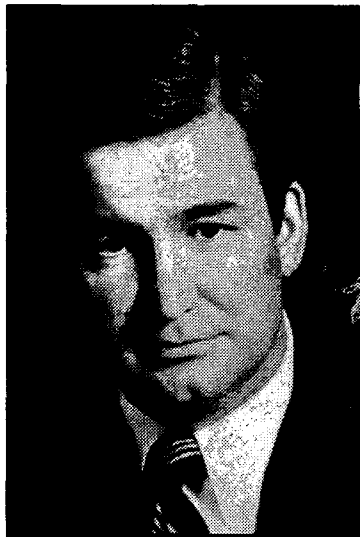
All these themes come together in Vilnius, for Lithuania is a key element in the Soviet strategy to acquire Western technology. A Swiss company named AGIE, which produces electrical discharge machines that are used to cut very hard surfaces for military equipment, has been exporting these machines to the Soviet Union for some time. Several American officials believe this to be a violation of COCOM regulations (although, as usual, some people in Commerce and State think it's fine) and are fighting a proposed joint venture between AGIE and the Soviets to build a factory to manufacture these machines . . . in Lithuania. To support Lithuanian independence is to deprive the Kremlin not only of land and people, but also of Western turn-key factories. That is one reason why the Soviet military are so concerned about the loss of the Baltics.

In all likelihood, the tempo of collapse of the Soviet Empire is so great that not even our best efforts can save it. Gorbachev is wrong: his salvation lies only through the abandonment of Communism and all its vestigial impedimenta, and the embrace of capitalism. If he does not take this critical step—and there is no reason to think that he has any intention of doing so—there is no way we can save him, nor should we wish to. That is why our current policies are foolish and embarrassing. We seem to have lost our bearings, as if our experts have become too deeply fascinated by the Gorbachev song-and-dance routine to pay attention to the pickpockets working the crowd. So here, in the spirit of gentle reminder, are the rules we should be playing by:

- Don't give anything away without getting equivalent or better value in return.
- Don't abandon the methods that have given us the upper hand.
- Don't abandon our basic principles: democracy and freedom, in politics and in the marketplace, are what this epochal crisis is all about. □

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR JUNE 1990

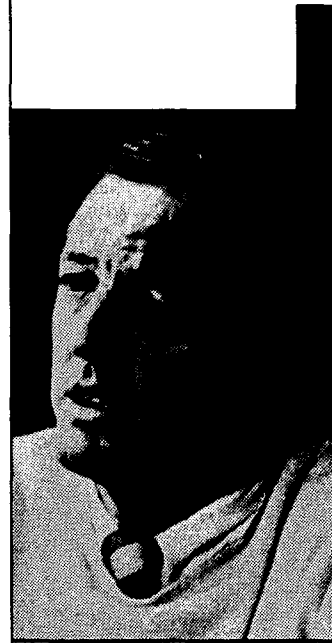
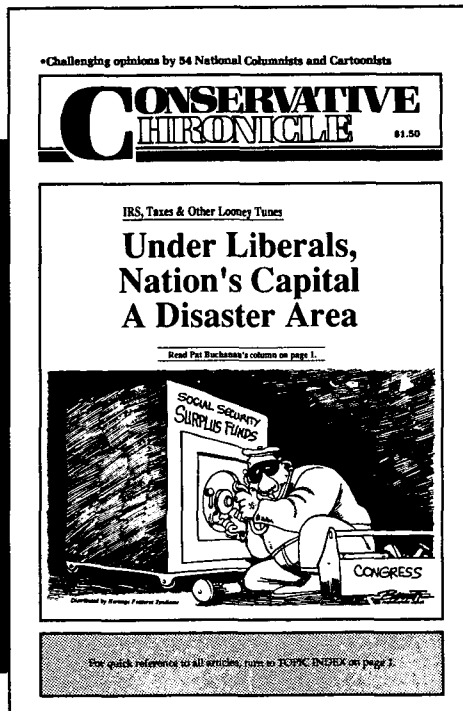
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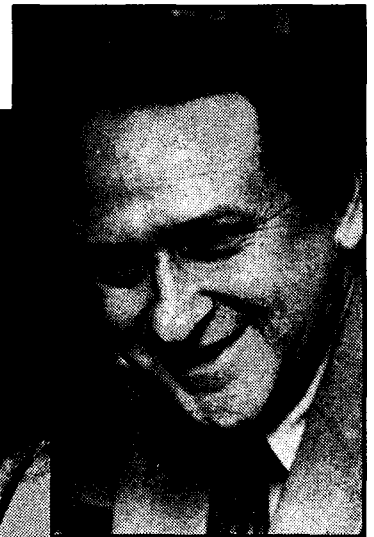
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Thomas Mallon

DEATH RALLY DAYS

Live from San Quentin, the execution of murderer Robert Alton Harris is put on hold—while the debate over the death penalty moves to Main Street.

My diary from July 5, 1978, tells me that I spent much of the day, and the night to follow, on a train, the "Transalpino," all the way from Rome to London. The couchette in which I was riding up the Mediterranean coast was overloaded; designed for six people, it would eventually hold eight of us: myself; Signora Carla Bianco, an anthropologist from the University of Florence whose specialty was Italian-Americans ("Oh, yes, there are many Sardinians in Port Washington"); a retired Englishwoman; and an Italian family—mother, father, uncle, and two little boys—who were on their way to Boulogne for a wedding. The boys (I remember them now) were a happy handful. The diary says: "God, how their father adores them, giving them, especially the little one, big, schmoozy kisses just after he's swatted them for something. I've never seen people pay more attention to their children than in this country. They are never left out or pushed aside. However smothering it must be, and whatever heartbreak it must plant like a time bomb in parents, there is something wonderful about it."

Allowing for the time difference, it must have been during these hours that I was chatting with Signora Bianco and looking out at the Italian coast that two 16-year-old boys from Mira Mesa, California, Michael Baker and John Mayeski, were, in a blend of new and old all-American boyishness, pulling into a Jack-in-the-Box restaurant in San Diego on their way to go fishing. Before they could finish their fast food, 25-year-old Robert Alton Harris and his brother, Danny, would commandeer their car and force the boys to a

spot near a reservoir outside town. Robert had recently gotten out of jail after doing two-and-a-half years for beating a man to death, and the Harris

brothers wanted a car for an armed robbery they were about to commit.

To hear the brothers tell it (Danny testified against Robert), the kidnapping wasn't supposed to turn violent, but it did. Robert describes the killings as having been committed in the kind of sleepwalk frequently spoken of by capital offenders. Still, in the event, he managed to tell young Michael Baker, who was pleading for his life after the Mayeski boy had been shot, to cut it out and "die like a man."

The singular revolting detail that would ensure the crime's being remembered as the Jack-in-the-Box murders was Harris's lack of squeamishness afterwards in finishing off the boys' hamburgers. The irony of his injunction to Michael Baker about dying like a man would also not be lost on those observing, subsequent to Harris's conviction, his eleven years of appeals, leading, at last, toward an execution date set for 3:00 a.m. on April 3, 1990.

Robert Alton Harris arrived at San Quentin in 1979, exactly 400 years after Sir Francis Drake made his landings along the northern California coast. Parts of the prison Harris is in have been standing since 1852. The assertive architecture of San Quentin makes it seem more akin to San Francisco, across the bay, than to Marin County, of which it is actually a part. The town of Larkspur, just southwest of the prison, is a growing community (Robert Alton Harris has lived here longer than many of his neighbors), but in anti-development Marin, new structures tend to be placed apologetically, almost furtively, onto the land. An office building atop a hill near the Larkspur ferry landing seems to have been set there, with its brown, downward-sloping roofs, so that as few people as possible will notice it, and so that those who do will see its fealty to the natural contours of the earth. The builders of San Quentin seem, in fact, to have been less ashamed of what they

had to construct than some Marin residents are of the homes and workplaces they require.

The jokes and clichés about life here are too true—you really can't order an unhealthy Coke at The Good Earth restaurant—to require much elaboration. But the idea that an execution is scheduled to happen here, an officially proclaimed nuclear-weapons free zone, so borders on the fantastic that one searches one's mind for an inverted equivalent. A Socialist Youth Congress in rural Mississippi? Nine hours before Harris is to die, the Tiburon Wellness Group will be meeting, with "facilitator Hetty Herman Minsk," at the Belvedere Community Center. The group "uses Barbara Sher's books *Wishcraft* and *Teamworks* to help meet your goals, dreams and wants."

By Friday morning, March 30, less than 100 hours before the scheduled execution, the Harris story has become national news. Joan Lunden split-screens Steve Baker, father of one of the murdered boys, and Robert Bryan of the National Coalition to Abolish the Death Penalty. Baker plans to fly up from San Diego to San Francisco (his first trip here), sometime on Monday, to witness the execution. If that happens, an unusually complete circle will have been drawn: Baker was one of the San Diego police officers who arrested Harris on July 5, 1978. At that moment he thought he was only helping to catch two bank robbers. He didn't yet know that one of them had killed his son a little while before.

Bryan expresses rote sympathy for the Bakers and Mayeskis, but quickly

gets to his own point, which is that countries with capital punishment have the same or higher rates of violent crime as ones without; indeed, we should be mindful that executing Harris may actually *increase* crime in the United States.

Mr. Baker is then asked by Joan Lunden if he thinks the death penalty



Thomas Mallon's most recent book is *Stolen Words: Forays Into the Origins and Ravages of Plagiarism* (Ticknor & Fields).

is a deterrent. "Not when it takes twelve years to carry it out," he says.

Having come to California to cover Harris's execution as part of the "nonwitness media pool" that will spend Monday night inside San Quentin, I look at the list of instructions that arrived with my credentials:

Do not wear Levi or jean-style blue, black or gray pants.

Do not run. In a prison, this indicates someone is in trouble.

The West Gate, through which the press must enter by 10:00 p.m. Monday, is just off Sir Francis Drake Boulevard, a short walk from the slate-colored Larkspur Landing shopping center below my hotel. On my way to check it out, I pass a small wildlife habitat that includes Remillard Pond, the sign for which explains that:

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If Harris dies on Tuesday morning, the human ecology of the state of California will have shifted, slightly but unquestionably. It is the only thing upon which people on both sides of the capital-punishment issue agree. If the death penalty, whether as deterrent, or retributive ritual, or simple punishment, is once more, finally, carried out (it has been imposed on 275 men besides Harris now in San Quentin), then the state pond, for better or worse, will be a more primitive place, and the chain of predation more circular. Indeed, one gets the feeling that what really hurts many of those carrying "Not in California" signs of protest is the sensation that they will be perceived as being morally out of step with the West European countries that have embraced abolition and thereby, presumably, achieved a higher degree of civilization. One is struck more by their embarrassment at the prospect of joining the Southern "Death Belt" states than by their outrage.

The death penalty has had, of course, the overwhelming support of Californians, not only in every sort of poll but also when the question came before them on the ballot in 1978. Governor George Deukmejian was, as a state legislator, one of the authors of the

death-penalty statute created to bring the state into compliance with guidelines established by the U.S. Supreme Court when capital punishment was made once more permissible in 1976.

The first Governor Brown of California, Jerry's father, Edmund "Pat" Brown, has just recently, at 84, published a morally engaging book on the subject. In *Public Justice, Private Mercy: A Governor's Education on Death Row* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1989) he reviews the various clemency dilemmas he experienced from 1959 to 1966. A vigorous opponent of capital punishment, Brown nevertheless allowed thirty-six people to die in the gas chamber during his two terms in office. (Crowds heckled him when he did commute a sentence, which was often.)

Mr. Baker is then asked if he thinks the death penalty is a deterrent. "Not when it takes twelve years to carry it out," he says.

Some have been tempted to draw a parallel between Governor Brown on capital punishment and Governor Cuomo on abortion—two men distastefully upholding laws with which their private consciences cannot agree. But the parallel does not run very far: Cuomo has not campaigned to bring the laws into line with his personal convictions, whereas Brown risked, and perhaps eventually lost, his political future by repeatedly asking the state legislature to do away with capital punishment.

At least one poll suggests that Californians would be more inclined to part with the death penalty in exchange for "life without parole." In fact, there is life without parole in California, and has been since 1978. But what is statutory tends to seem hypothetical when pollsters ask about it because people simply don't believe that the courts will really keep the cells locked forever. Neither do criminals, according to Governor Brown:

Every prisoner knows that those laws have built-in escape hatches. Felons convicted under the California law before 1982, for example, automatically have their cases reviewed by the Board of Prison Terms, which can recommend clemency to the governor after twelve years. Those convicted after 1982 have to wait thirty years, but even that is a short enough period to legitimately frighten a large segment of the population.

Brown still favors life without parole, but notes that if it is to "save court time and taxpayers' money [when] used as a guarantee in return for a guilty plea,"

¹On the death penalty issue itself, Cuomo does run parallel to Brown: he favors life without parole.

then, ironically, "the state also has to have a death-penalty law on the books—to motivate a murderer to give up his right to a full trial."

On early Friday afternoon, things look peaceful and routine around San Quentin. Some inmates in blue work shirts spend weekdays like this weeding ground between Sir Francis Drake Blvd. and the modest, pleasant-looking cottages for Corrections personnel living inside the gates. The main entrance to the prison is through a small road—Main Street—off the freeway. After one or two outlets it's really a cul-de-sac ending with a white STATE PROPERTY LINE and the prison gates, near which stand an adobe-style U.S. Post Office, the prison crafts store, and a little house that is the prison law office. Its wooden sign

contains an etching of a bird flying through bars. The street is sunny, modest, and wholesome-looking. You can descend a short flight of steps to a small beach and sit on the rocks, amidst buttercups and larkspur, watching the bay, oblivious to both the prison and the neighborhood on the promontory behind you.

Up there a group of people are keeping a vigil that's gone on for more than seven weeks; some of them are fasting. The officers at the gate seem relaxed, knowing that their real troubles will begin on Monday. The parking restrictions set to go into effect at 3:30 this afternoon hardly seem necessary yet.

And, as it suddenly happens, they may not be for quite a while longer. By late afternoon the news is out that Judge John T. Noonan, Jr., of the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals, a pro-life Reagan appointee, has just ruled favorably on a motion by Harris's attorneys for a new hearing to determine whether their client received adequate psychiatric evaluation at the time of his trial in 1979.

Even in the unpredictable judicial realm of impending executions—Pat Brown recalls how his predecessor's clemency secretary got through to the San Quentin warden two minutes after the cyanide pellets dropped into the sulfuric acid beneath a murderer named Burton Abbott—Noonan's decision comes as something of a shock. The considered opinion of most people with an interest in the matter had been that Harris, whose case had been reviewed by Judge Noonan once before

on other grounds, would die on Tuesday morning. Two days ago a federal judge in San Diego ruled against Harris's claim that he was a victim of fetal alcohol syndrome and organic brain damage. Since his initial conviction in 1979—the boys he killed would now be approaching their thirties his case has been appealed four times to the California Supreme Court and another four to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Between now and Tuesday it will be the turn of the state to appeal to Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, who takes emergency matters from the western states, that the Court vacate the stay granted by Judge Noonan. This appeal will be filed—faxed, actually—by state Attorney General John Van de Kamp, who is running in the Democratic primary for governor. An opponent of the death penalty, Van de Kamp has taken a beating in recent opinion polls from his competition, Dianne Feinstein, the former San Francisco mayor, who is in the luxuriously electable position of being both pro-choice on abortion and pro-capital punishment. Van de Kamp must therefore backpedal into Governor Brown's old position, namely, that regardless of his personal feelings he will carry out the laws of the state of California. The weekend will prove to be a somewhat unseemly bonanza for him. Not a news broadcast will go by without this non-believer in capital punishment telling the people of California how zealously he is urging the U.S. Supreme Court to allow the state to kill Robert Alton Harris at 3:00 a.m. on Tuesday. He says that meanwhile Harris will even be denied certain visitors: they've just discovered marijuana in his pillowcase.

Most of the weekend will be lived out in an atmosphere of inscrutable suspense. No one feels confident predicting what Justice O'Connor or the



entire Court will do. In the meantime reporters descend anew upon the families of the dead boys. John Mayeski's mother says that she's trying not to lose faith in the legal system. When asked if she has any advice or wish to express, she is succinct: "Speed it up."

Saturday's most pictorial news is the march of anti-death-penalty protesters across the Golden Gate Bridge. The demonstrators carry 121 black mock coffins—on TV they look like a toy train of coal cars—to stand for all those who have been executed since a firing squad did away with Gary Gilmore in 1977. The demonstration was planned long before yesterday's unexpected stay and was probably meant to have the mournfulness with which one awaits foregone conclusions. But the atmosphere is turning suspenseful now, especially since Attorney General Van de Kamp has announced that the Supreme Court has agreed to hear the state's appeal of Judge Noonan's decision. The hope is that the Court will rule by the end of its working day on Monday—2:00 p.m. out here in the West.

Outside the main gate of San Quentin, things are still sunny and peaceful. I go back and forth between the handfuls of pro- and anti-death demonstrators. Each side concisely reiterates its articles of faith—take an eye for an eye; execution costs more than life imprisonment (all the appeals expenses)—statements of instinct more baldly implacable than those clustering around any of the other issues perpetually before the nation. One comes to feel that if ever there was a topic about which nothing more can profitably be said, this is it.

I try to engage pretty young Angie Frabasilio, a College of Marin student from San Rafael, in a discussion of

whether her belief that the state has no right to take a life forces one, by logical extension, into a completely pacifist position. But when we get to the question of drafting an army, she says, "I was a little young when that issue was around." Wendy Zolla, holding the other end of Angie's banner (WHY DO PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE TO SHOW THAT KILLING PEOPLE IS WRONG?), has been coming here for 12-hour shifts since Thursday. She has previously protested nuclear weapons at the Nevada Test Site and has participated in letter-writing campaigns against capital punishment in Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. "I include Robert Harris in my prayers every day," she tells me, even

"I include Robert Harris in my prayers every day," she tells me. "I don't live in fear of people being released from prison. I live in fear of paying taxes and being part of a murder myself."

though she's here on behalf of everyone on what San Quentin actually calls Condemned Row. "I don't live in fear of people being released from prison. I live in fear of paying taxes and being part of a murder myself."

The antis are on the side of the street with the prison law office and crafts shop. The proponents are across from them, just down from the little post office. One of them is Bill Fling, a Church of Christ minister from Orangeville, above Sacramento. He gives me a tract he's written and tells me that I will be able to find much pro-capital punishment material in the New Testament, "which some people think is more lenient" than the Old. "In my personal life, I'm to be willing to turn the other cheek, but civil government is made to protect me, because my cheeks could get pretty raw . . ."

He's with Gay Wamble, a stern crew-cut man who for twenty-two years was a part of the civil government as a corrections officer of the state prison at Vacaville. (He once directed Pat Brown's tour of the facility.) When the death penalty was overturned in the early 1970s, Vacaville received from San Quentin many prisoners whose sentences had been commuted to life, and Mr. Wamble worked with them "day after day after day after day" in the Maximum Custody Unit, S-Wing: "I know their inward-most thoughts and their mind about capital punishment . . . they can tell you, 'Oh, I don't pay any attention to that death penalty. It wouldn't change what I want to do. I'd do it anyway.' But I'm here to tell you that that's not his inward feeling . . . I hear them talking to each

other about the death penalty. I hear one convict saying, 'Well, when I get out of here I'm going to get that guy because he did such and such to me.' His answer would be, from another convict, 'Hey, man, you better watch that stuff. They snuff people for doing stuff like that.' So that shows you . . . a convict is afraid of the death penalty and it keeps him from committing capital crimes. Now, in their fit of anger, and circumstances, they do it anyway sometimes . . ."

I ask Mr. Wamble, who says he preferred Reagan and Deukmejian on matters of law and discipline, but the Governors Brown when it came to pay raises, about life without parole: "I

as if someone finally couldn't bear to display its expedient toughness. And by Monday a slim vertical placard with the single word, REHABILITATE, in rather small letters, will have appeared.

The Larkspur ferry to San Francisco glides right by San Quentin, and on Sunday afternoon, which is sunny, breezy, and routinely perfect, the prison offers no unified impression to the passing traveler. The part of it you first go by looks like a World War II aircraft plant with big, barracks-style sheds and quonset shapes. The yellow stone of the old prison itself, whose barred green windows look like giant tongue depressors, seems at first like part of some huge dam or pumping station, until the boat comes closer and you see how powdery the stone appears, the industrial impression giving way completely to that of a sand castle.

Some gulls—whose narrow, purposeful faces remind you of Gay Wamble's—fly the whole trip across the bay in a straight line behind the ferry. You wonder what sort of torment or peace the sight of them brings to the inmates living day after day under the arcs they describe. It's the same with the lone kayaker who paddles in front of the ferry: Does he provide them with a diversion or a rebuke?

If the free-flying gulls do insult the prisoners, it is possible that their revenge will come early Tuesday morning, when, after killing Harris, the cyanide gas must be vented into the atmosphere. Bob Cleek, a former guard at San Quentin who is now an attorney, recalls for a columnist in the *Marin Independent Journal*: "We used to hear stories about all the dead seagulls on the prison roof following deaths by poison." Sulfuric acid is dumped into the bay as well. "It'd be interesting to know if the prison possesses a toxic waste disposal permit," Cleek wonders. "Imagine Harris's life being spared because of an Environmental Impact Report."

On any weekend but this one, tourists on the ferry are more attentive to Alcatraz, the real bird-associated attraction in the bay. You pass it just before coming into the Port of San Francisco, whose piers house more restaurants than ships. Harry Bridges, the longshoreman leader who convulsed San Francisco with a general strike in 1934, died on Friday. Reminiscences of

²Sure enough, Wednesday's *San Francisco Chronicle* will report that phone calls from death-penalty opponents have led the San Francisco Bay Area Air Quality Control Board to make inquiries to the prison. According to Steven Hill, who manages the board's toxic evaluation section: "If we determine that the gas emission could cause harm, we would not issue a permit to operate [the gas chamber]."



him, and the old workingman's San Francisco, share the weekend papers with Harris, whose picture, taken last Monday, appears on the front page of today's *Examiner*. In it he hugs the baby son of a visitor to San Quentin and smiles benignly.

"This is not the end of it. This is round one as far as I'm concerned." It's not one of Harris's lawyers. It's nice Pat Orr, who lives at 58 Main Street, just a few houses down from the prison gates. She's the head of the San Quentin Village Association, and we're chatting, late Monday morning, on the wooden steps leading up from her small flower-filled yard. She's annoyed because this is a county road, not prison property, and even though the demonstrations were planned seven months ago, her group was never consulted. About a month and a half ago she began talking to the county sheriff's office, the Board of Supervisors, and other authorities, but the only consideration members of the San Quentin Village Association have been shown is being told to move their own cars off their own street to keep them from being damaged. Pleas that the demonstrators be moved to the West Gate out on Sir Francis Drake have been ignored; law enforcement, Pat reasons, cares more about traffic than homeowners. But she hasn't given up; she's ready to use the legal process, expensive and protracted though it may be. The dues for her organization are only \$10 a year, but "we'll have rummage sales if we have to," she says.

Actually, some of the residents are making a small killing here, if you'll pardon the expression. They've rented their yards and garage aprons to the TV people for their trucks, whose grinding motors bother good-natured Pat much more than the reporters and technicians themselves.

We're joined by Michelle, another resident, and her small son. According to Pat, people on the block have a variety of opinions on the death penalty—Michelle seems opposed to it and thinks the matter of Harris's supposed fetal-alcohol syndrome deserves consideration—but the association has decided that that's not their issue. The media carnival is. Pat says a handful of demonstrators have been here for fifty-seven days, but it's usually the press who form "a substitute crowd." In fact, they've been around so long that when we say good-bye to each other, she says, accidentally, "Nice to media you," and we burst out laughing.

By noon the press is here in force. People are expectant: the Court should say something within the next two hours. Gay Wamble and Bill Fling are

tirelessly giving interviews. Steve Souza does the same, smiling his endless-summer smile. One protester alternates between relaxed conversation with the others and quietly kneeling on a pillow while she reads from The Book of Common Prayer. People are in a good mood. It isn't gallows humor; it's the weather. The day and scenery are so spectacularly beautiful that it's hard to be otherwise. For all the suspense, and all the handicapping of the outcome, it's difficult to think of the yellow prison with its battlements as a jail at all. One might as well be out in the sun in front of some other sprawling piece of California architecture, San Simeon or the Mission Inn.

At 12:40 the clergy come up Main Street, most of them Unitarians in long, cheerful stoles. The press rush like antennae insects to film an impromptu debate between kindly, white-haired Bishop Francis Quinn of Sacramento and the fundamentalist Bill Fling, who's still passing out the pro-capital punishment tract he handed me Saturday. The two of them are a video-cameraman's dream. They will occasionally clasp each other's hands in a friendly way as they argue Deuteron-

omy 19, racial inequality in the application of the death penalty, and the soul of George Deukmejian. "The Governor's not a murderer," says Fling. "Oh, I know," responds Bishop Quinn, who later, going back to the Bible, asks Fling if he thinks adulterers should be put to death. The Bishop gets some kibitzing support from the circle of anti-death people around him. Meanwhile, a golden-haired TV reporter tries to get it all straight: "If the Supreme Court upholds the stay, that means there's no execution and you start [tonight's demonstrations] earlier." When told by Steve Souza that that's just so, he says, "Gotcha," with some relief.

"Paul is now going to play his flute to calm down the situation. He's such a typical Berkeley Unitarian." This is said affectionately by one of the MASK (March Against State Killing) demonstrators, who is popping some pills, for stress she says. Paul Sawyer sits down near the post office steps, and when the video people hear his flute and spot his colorful stole, they're onto one of the best photo ops of the day.

Rev. Sawyer leads some singing—a spiritual about how we have to walk

down that lonesome road all by ourselves: not a particularly optimistic choice for today, one thinks. He preaches to his converted colleagues about all the other kinds of violence done by the state, from Vietnam to Central America to the black community. A cameraman attaches a tiny microphone to his stole, the better to catch all of this. Sawyer hopes for a world in which "no one, no thing will be destroyed," and he pays Robert Alton Harris the ultimate northern California compliment: he compares him to a non-human life form. "We would do this as fittingly for the redwood tree being destroyed . . ." He asks the people gathered in a semicircle if they want to say anything, and a long-haired young man who was out here all night says: "I just have thanksgiving for you, man." Rev. Sawyer deflects the compliment back to him. A pediatrician then speaks about her experiences with fetal-alcohol syndrome (a subject on which Bishop Quinn also seems to have become recently knowledgeable), and soon it will be the turn of the priest with the "Boycott Salvadoran Coffee" button to have his say. →

99 reasons to read between the lines

Jane Fonda, Tom Hayden, Dan Rather, Norman Lear, Ed Asner, Tom Brokaw, Sam Donaldson, Martin Scorsese, Oliver Stone, Martin Sheen, Debra Winger, Paul Conrad, Lew Wasserman, Ted Turner, Ben Bradlee Sr., Ben Bradlee Jr., Morgan Fairchild, Barbara Walters, Tom Cruise, Paul Newman, Shirley MacLaine, Phil Donahue, A. Kent MacDougall, Robert Scheer, Constantine Costa-Gavras, Peter Jennings, Charles Winkler, Jack Lemmon, Barbra Streisand, Howard Hesseman, Judd Nelson, John Randolph, Pat Kingsley, Sally Field, Robert Redford, Leslie Stahl, Kathleen Sullivan, Bill Moyers, Kelly McGillis, Jonathan Kwitny, Kris Kristofferson, Robert Blake, Emilio Estevez, Mike Farrell, Charles Haid, Daphne Zuniga, Ralph Bakshi, Jackson Browne, Darryl Hannah, Little Stevie Van Zandt, Geraldo Rivera, Michael Douglas, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Michael Gartner, Carl Rowan, Laurence Tisch, Rob Lowe, Robert Walden, Justine Bateman, Gregory Peck, Michael Tucker, Jill Eikenberry, Harvey Fierstein, Jack Valenti, David Crosby, Graham Nash, Frank Zappa, Bruce Christenson, Alexander Cockburn, Vladimir Posner, Max Frankel, Bill Thomas, Hugh Hefner, Bob Guccione, Larry Flynt, Bob Geldof, Bryant Gumbel, Jane Pauley, John Denver, Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, Jack Nelson, Stephen Kinzer, Walter Cronkite, Cathy Guisewite, Cher, Maria Lourdes Pallas, Tyne Daly, Valerie Harper, Saul Landau, Timothy Leary, Susan Sarandon, Dennis Weaver, Noam Chomsky, Barry Diller, Casey Kasem, Seymour Hersh, Alex Cox.

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AS2



Five officers from the California Department of Corrections have just taken up positions along the state property line, standing calmly with legs apart and hands behind their backs. The cameras scurry into position. I ex-

change a few words with Bishop Quinn, who tells me there are two California bishops named Quinn, but that it's "just a Quinn-cidence." I decide that I like him, which is why I wish he wouldn't do what he does next.

TEDDY KENNEDY ON DEATH ROW

Washington

While in California politicians are making support for capital punishment the campaign issue of 1990, in our nation's capital Ted Kennedy and his allies are busy pushing a bill that would suppress the death penalty. Sometime after May 20, the Senate is expected to take up a Democratic crime package that includes Kennedy's so-called Racial Justice Act. The bill purports only to remove racial bias from capital sentencing, leaving death penalty laws still operable. But if critics are correct, the bill, by mandating that such sentencing can occur only if it conforms to racial quotas, will make these laws unworkable.

As its code name suggests, the Racial Justice Act is premised on the belief that a greater proportion of convicted black murderers receive death sentences than do white killers, that a smaller percentage of convicted killers generally are executed for murdering blacks than for killing whites, and that court systems are biased against minorities. To resolve these problems the bill would bar executions where there is a "racially discriminatory pattern" in capital sentencing and prosecuting.

If this sounds like the coming of affirmative action to death row, that's the point. Under the act, a convicted murderer can save his life by showing that executions are imposed disproportionately (1) upon "persons of one race than upon persons of another," or (2) as "punishment for crimes against persons of one race than . . . against persons of another race." The defendant is specifically *not* required to prove that his own trial and sentencing were influenced by discrimination.

Here's how the act would work. A black on death row finds, say, that five percent of blacks "arrested for, charged with, or convicted of" capital crimes are executed, as opposed to two percent of whites who fit that category; and that three percent of those convicted of killing blacks are executed, while seven percent of white victims' murderers receive a death sentence. Now according to the act, such figures would constitute a "prima facie showing of a racially discriminatory pattern," and so it decrees that our convict "shall not be put to death." Why? Because his execution would "further" that "pattern."

If this impossible-to-meet quota scheme becomes law, will any murderer ever again face a death sentence? Not so, say twenty-three state attorneys general (ten of them Democrats), who in a joint letter of March 12 charge that the Racial Justice Act "is designed to do nothing less than end the death penalty in this country." Attorney General Richard Thornburgh is even tougher on this "ill-considered and misnamed" proposal, saying it imposes such "unrealistic burdens of proof" on prosecutors that it "would likely result in the invalidation of every capital sentence now in effect." Thornburgh also argues that blacks—who are nearly "one-half of all victims of murders"—will be hardest hit because the proposal "would ensure that the death penalty is not available to punish such victims' murderers."

Thornburgh's criticisms have not deterred the NAACP and other liberal lobbies from giving strong backing to the measure. Their pitch continues to be that the act won't endanger the death penalty. To claim anything less would detract from the act's political allure of letting senators have it both ways: opposition to racism and support for the death penalty in some form. This accounts for the presence of capital punishment supporters like Arlen Specter, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and Robert Packwood as co-sponsors of the measure.

At this point there's no talk of a House vote on the bill, so it's not likely the act will become law any time soon. But it could still win a symbolic vote on the Senate floor, unless conservative senators—risking media wrath for opposing "racial justice"—make good on rumored plans to attack the act as a ruse to scuttle capital punishment nationwide. "Given the way conservatives have caved in to previous liberal efforts at intimidation-by-bill-title," a Senate staffer says, recalling such gems as the Civil Rights Restoration Act and the Americans with Disabilities Act, "just putting up a fight would be a victory of sorts."

—Jack Fowler

(Mr. Fowler is a reporter in National Review's Washington bureau.)

"I'm going to go say hello to the guards," he says. He works his way down the row of five, as if the state property line were a communion railing, giving each officer a smile and a friendly tap on the chest. They receive this pleasantly enough but obviously have orders not to unclasp their arms, so the bishop comes away with no handshakes. Perhaps they're just thinking he's a friendly old crock, but the little scene seems depressingly cruel: he's soothing the leashed beasts, trying to keep them friendly, because we all know how they can be when aroused. It's also pointless, because tempers and emotions are under control, even as 1:30 approaches. I chat with Meg, another Unitarian minister, from Sunnyvale, who tells me she's got to get back to a meeting of her congregation tonight. "I can't believe it," she says with a disappointed smile, like a mother with a conflict between a school play and the Brownies.

The woman with two placards, one in each hand, keeps marching. Bill Fling and Steve Souza, like the bunny in the Energizer battery commercials, are still going, indefatigably talking to all media comers. I walk across the street so that I can hear the ocean. "It's got to be close to 2:00," somebody says. A protester in a chair is wondering what will happen "if we win . . ." That's what it is coming down to. There's the feel of an old-fashioned election night now, with people gathered to hear the returns come in from the other coast. At 1:50 someone asks Souza what the situation is. "Pretty soon we shall know," he says. A woman asks him who some of the people on his list of speakers are. "Human beings who reside on the planet Earth," he answers. One newsman is reminded by a colleague that it was calm and warm like this just before the October earthquake. "Standing by and ready to go at any time," another media person tells her troops.

Some motorcycle cops noisily arrive on Main Street and the photographers go off to snap them as they park. The Rev. Victor Carpenter of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco compares the way cyanide deprives a gas-chamber victim of oxygen to the way the death penalty deprives society of its moral oxygen. Paul Sawyer takes up his flute again before joining the rest of the antis in a prayer circle. They sing: "This Little Life of Mine, I'm Gonna Let It Shine," and Sawyer, in the most outrageous falsehood anyone will utter today, tells some elbowing media person: "We're not here for the press; we're here for life." In fact, in just a little while, after a recitation of the 23rd Psalm, Meg will race to the cameras to tell, angrily, of a parking restriction that was just imposed on her and of how

she was threatened with arrest for walking up a ramp. She says this kind of restriction and intimidation may explain the relative lack of protesters here, and she is applauded.

Portable toilets arrive at 2:42, a little while after a picnic cooler—which for a moment I think might be a mock-coffin—is carried up the street. By 3:00 there is still no word out of Washington. Reporters listen to their radios: prisoners inside will be under a lockdown in order to avoid disturbances if the execution goes forward. I notice that policemen have appeared at the top of a hill inside the gates and to the right.

And then, at about 3:20, suddenly, like a grotesque version of a scrubbed space launch, it's over. Everyone clusters around the preppy blond reporter whose radio or phone is saying that the Supreme Court, by a vote of 6-3, has declined to vacate Judge Noonan's stay. The Harris case will go back to the 9th Circuit. Even if, from here on, everything goes the state's (and Van de Kamp's) way, there will be no execution for months.

Bishop Quinn is "overjoyed." The Antis hug. A smiling Steve Souza goes running up the street, arm in arm, with a woman. Rev. Carpenter makes an emotional speech of gratitude for the "overwhelming joy" he's feeling. Paul Sawyer asks, bewilderingly, for "a great round of sympathy," for Judge Noonan, that Reagan appointee. Applause.

A bustle of departure begins. "Great day, huh?" someone going past me says. "Paul, let's go!" cries a smiling Rev. Carpenter, hurrying his loquacious, flute-carrying colleague along. It is time to unplug cables, store cellular phones, head for the makeshift parking lot down by the freeway. I take a business card from the Rev. William Wood, who, while happy, worries that "we have a long journey ahead of us" ensuring that Robert Alton Harris survives the coming months and courtroom procedures ahead.

I start down Main Street, whose name will soon again, at least for a while, seem unlikely. Out of one of the pretty flower-bordered houses comes the unexpected sound of a saxophone. The tune is neither celebrational nor some mournful piece of prison blues. It's just, improbably enough, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat." For the first time today the two victims come to mind. It's impossible not to wish them this day, and the sunburn on one's face; impossible not to wish that their appetites hadn't delayed, so many years ago, their arrival at the lake, where they might have whistled, not learned, that life is but a dream. □

Elizabeth Kristol

DECLARATIONS OF CODEPENDENCE

People who need people are the sickliest people in the world—and that's just for starters.

"Cures of patients who suppose themselves to be glass may easily be performed by pulling a chair upon which they are about to sit from under them, and afterwards showing them a large collection of pieces of glass as the fragments of their bodies."

—Dr. Benjamin Rush,
*Medical Inquiries and Observations
Upon the Diseases of the Mind* (1812)

Hypochondria is never a pretty sight, and spiritual hypochondria—that fussing and brooding over one's psychic health—is no exception. When Philip Rieff announced the "triumph of the therapeutic" in 1966, he could have had little idea of the extent to which the therapeutic mode of thinking would trickle down; no longer an infatuation of the intellectual classes, the outlook has been thoroughly democratized through self-help books, support groups, and talk shows. As psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld observed a few years ago, an entire industry has arisen devoted to treating those who are suffering from "emotional influenza"—that widespread habit of turning one's happiness over and over in one's hands until, quite naturally, it is found wanting.

In his *The Shrinking of America: Myths of Psychological Change*, Zilbergeld—a Berkeley-based clinical psychologist who has participated in his own fair share of orthodox and unorthodox therapies—describes the unfortunate consequences for individuals and society when the psychological model is applied with reckless abandon. As psychologists, counselors, and social workers construct increasingly narrow definitions of what may be deemed healthy, they foster discontent, guilt, blame, and utopianism in their patients. Zilbergeld summarizes the ensuing supply-and-demand cycle in a tidy list:

1. Continue the psychologization of life;
2. Make problems out of difficulties and spread the alarm;
3. Make it acceptable to have the problem and to be unable to resolve it on one's own;
4. Offer salvation.

The current "codependency" movement is proof positive of Zilbergeld's cynical assessment of the psychological scene. The rooting out of so-called codependent thought and behavior is the linchpin of the booming Recovery industry, a therapy-cum-publishing phenomenon whose premise is that nearly all of us are riddled with emotional disease and that our only hope of achieving health is by participating in some variation of a Twelve Step support-group program, modeled after the Alcoholics Anonymous treatment developed half a century ago.

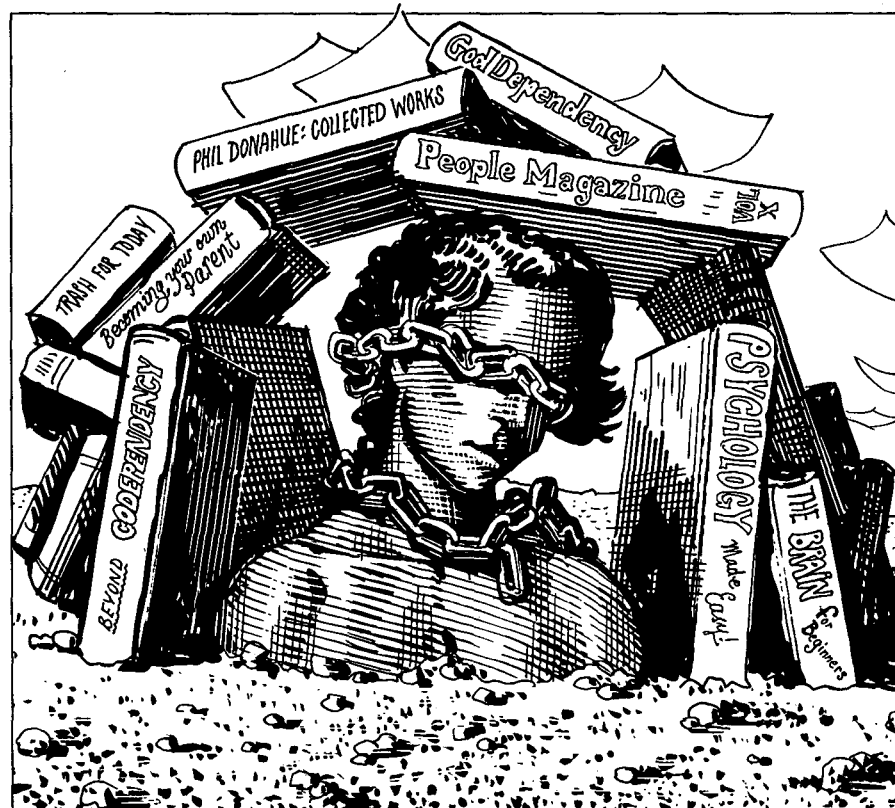
When *People* magazine recently proclaimed that "codependency

is an emotional condition that affects tens of thousands, perhaps millions, of Americans," it underscored just how far the term codependent has shifted from its original limited meanings: one who was married or related to an addict and therefore was affected by his behavior and in unintended ways was complicit in the addiction. In contrast, the latest definitions of codependency are so broad as to be all-encompassing. This sits just fine with Melody Beattie, the most prominent proponent of codependency theory and author of the 1987 bestselling *Codependent No More* and the 1989 follow-up bestseller, *Beyond Codependency*. "Codependency is many things," she stated in *Codependent No More*. "It is a dependency on people—on their moods, behaviors, sickness or well-being, and their love." In her sequel she is more catholic still: codependency "is about the ways we have been affected by other people and our pasts." Let's not get hung up on def-

initions: "Whatever codependency is," she notes, "it's a problem, and recovering from it feels better than not."

The Recovery industry has been quick to develop an alarming set of statistics regarding the numbers of Americans who are, not to put too fine a point on it, a mighty long way from Wellness. The number of people said to grow up in a "dysfunctional" home, and therefore to be at high risk for codependency, is put at anywhere from 100 million to 230 million (an assertion that would seem to put a strain on the prefix "dys"). The disease of codependency itself is routinely claimed to afflict 96 percent of the U.S. population—indeed, one prominent author on codependency offers the chilling observation that the number of codependents in the U.S. actually exceeds the total population.

How can you tell if you are suffering from codependency? Let's get real: odds are, you came from a dysfunctional home. The experts caution that even if you weren't aware of anything being wrong in your family, in all probability you were exposed to subtle forms of passive abuse. In *Love Is a Choice: Recovery for Codependent Relationships*, a trio of doomsaying authors sound the ominous tones. We learn of parents who routinely tell their children, "Later maybe," or, "You kids play outside or something." Barbaric as it may seem, in some U.S. families there is "no sexual discussion, preparation, or teaching." We are told the terrifying tale of Ann, who "could not once remember sitting in her father's lap" (this is not to be confused with homes in which there is too much sitting on one's father's lap). There is little hope that you will escape codependency if your parents didn't get along, since the disease will strike you if your parents have exercised any of the following options: "divorce, separate, fight, or remain together for the sake of the children."



Elizabeth Kristol is an associate editor at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

The challenge of hypochondria, as any hypochondriac worth his salt will tell you, is scrutinizing oneself for symptoms. In the case of codependency they are readily found. Dennis Wholey's *Becoming Your Own Parent* recounts the shocking story of a codependent television producer, who actually "reduced her self-worth" by working jobs with long hours and low pay. *Love Is a Choice* urges its readers to examine their lives for "the lurking presence of addictive agents," such as devotion to an organization or a cause, television, board games, jogging, or golf.

In *GodDependency*, Lynne Bunde-

son harkens back to the time when she wasn't even aware she had the disease. It turns out she had confused her symptoms with normalcy. True, she "didn't go out much," but she thought that was because, as she freely acknowledges, "I like to stay at home." She also recalls that "her children were still very much on my mind," a phenomenon she had associated with being a parent before she discovered this was a classic sign of codependent "care-taking" behavior. Finally, she often felt that her work "was not being valued as it should be." All this was before a friend told her she was suffering from codependency—that "crippling emo-

tional, mental, and physical disease . . . [which] is more contagious than AIDS."

Not only individuals, but organizations, institutions, and society itself can suffer from the disease. Anne Wilson Schaef, author of *Co-Dependence*, *Women's Reality*, and *The Addictive Organization*, is the main proponent of this sociological addendum to codependency theory. In her *When Society Becomes an Addict*, she claims that "the system in which we live is an addictive system." This system (also known as the White Male System) "is founded on the belief that it is possible to control ourselves, other people,

other systems, other countries, even the universe." It has, in short, a "non-living orientation." The addictive society rests on a foundation of compulsive lying, which assumes a myriad of subtle disguises ranging from interpersonal niceness and politeness to institutionalized deception such as the policy of airlines to announce scheduled times of departure—*times which are hardly ever close to the truth*.

Why have one disease when you can have two: according to Recovery experts, a large number of codependents are also—more Recoverese here—"adult children." This term derives from the immensely popular Adult Children of Alcoholics movement which took hold in the early 1980s, pioneered by Sharon Wegscheider-Cruse, Janet Woititz, Richard J. Ackerman, Timmen L. Cermak, and others. Wegscheider-Cruse's 1981 *Another Chance* lay the groundwork, enriching the English language—and particularly its talk shows—with such terms as "enabler" and "caretaker." Woititz's 1983 *Adult Children of Alcoholics*, which met with overwhelming and unexpected success, further popularized the concepts and promoted the movement.

The original Adult Children of Alcoholics movement focused on creating a paradigm of the alcoholic home, in which every family member was entwined in a web of addiction, conspiracy, and silence. Adults who had been raised by an alcoholic parent were encouraged to acknowledge the degree to which their unstable upbringing might have affected their ability to form healthy and lasting attachments in adult life. As people began identifying themselves as Adult Children of Alcoholics (ACOAs, ACAs, CoAs), they began flocking to support groups to share stories and experiences, and to "work a program" designed to free them from destructive ways of thinking and behaving.

A peculiar thing then happened. This movement, designed with great specificity for those who were raised by an alcoholic parent, gained wide appeal. People who didn't come from alcoholic homes liked the idea that their current unhappiness could be laid at the feet of their folks, who, while they might not actually have abused alcohol or drugs, were sufficiently obnoxious in other respects as to cripple their children emotionally and, well, keep them from being all that they could be. These newcomers were gladly welcomed, under the rubric of "Those Who Identify." Those Who Identify were said to come from dysfunctional, albeit not alcoholic, homes, and were held to be equally in need of Recovery.

HOLE IN THE SOUL

When *Changes* magazine altered its subtitle from "The Magazine for and about Adult Children of Alcoholics" to "The Magazine for and about Adult Children," Andrew Meacham, the editorial coordinator, explained: "The common denominator implied by 'adult children' is more a spiritual condition than anything special about one's parents. . . . It is that 'hole in the soul' some of us have spent years trying to fill." If anything is going to ensure the longevity of the Recovery movement, it is that nebulous "hole in the soul." Recovery authors are now busy mining the spiritual emptiness that brought so many apparently healthy people to support groups in the first place. Diluting the already watery religious message of the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous, Recovery leaders are guiding their flocks on a spiritual Journey, the goal of which is to develop a satisfying relationship with one's Higher Power. Only then might Twelve-Steppers hope to achieve Wellness, that "serenity, a deep sense of peace; the ability to give and receive love in self-enhancing, energizing ways."

No religious journey would be complete without inspirational tracts, and Recovery publishers have been quick to supply a variety of pocket-size booklets that look as if they should have titles like "The Meaning of Lent," but instead are called things like *Meditations for Codependents: A Moment to Reflect*. Recovering codeps (as they affectionately refer to themselves) can carry these discreetly and turn to them throughout the day for such fortifying messages as "Like snowflakes, no two people are alike," and "I share my needs with those close to me."

Twelve-Steppers with special needs can consult tracts geared to gays and lesbians in Recovery, Christ-centered men and women in Recovery, and men and women in Recovery from sex addiction. (Alas, there are no plans to

produce a companion volume for men and women *aspiring* to sex addiction.) Finally, for pithy men and women in Recovery, there is *Keep It Simple*, which features entries like: "Change. It's scary. It's hard. It's needed. Sometimes it feels good; other times it feels bad. But one thing is for sure: it keeps on happening."

A key element of every Twelve Step program has always involved admitting powerlessness over one's addiction, and turning one's life and will over to—in the words of the original AA creed—"God as we understood Him." Contemporary Recovery groups have adopted the still more neutral term of "Higher Power." The trick is to avoid at all costs any association with a traditional deity-type product and all that that entails. As Veronica Ray, author of *Design for Growth*, explains, "It's not necessary to use the word *God*. This word may remind us of our childhood religious training and trigger rebellion." Fortunately, this whole matter can be taken care of through judicious use of the shift key: "Many people have found that by using other labels—such as The Universe, Cosmic Intelligence, The Light, Creative Energy, or Higher Power—they can avoid the negative reactions that certain words with religious overtones may cause."

There isn't a camel alive that couldn't get through the eye of this needle. The Higher Power is always in a good mood; according to Ray, it is "loving, understanding, and forgiving. It doesn't judge or punish. It will not control or condemn." Spirituality has to do with being at peace with yourself—while religion *has been known to produce the opposite effect*. "Remember, the Twelve Step program doesn't try to tell us what's right or wrong, or good or bad," notes Ray. "It's a spiritual program, not a moral one. Spirituality can be defined as our rela-

tionship with our Higher Power. Morality, which is a specific code of moral rules and conduct, has nothing to do with the Twelve Step program."

Nothing could trouble God more than causing us discomfort, agrees Beattie, a woman who has already asked her Higher Power to "remove character defects such as shame or low self-esteem." (Her prayer must have been answered: She dedicates her first book to herself.) Explains Beattie, "I believe God wants us to help people and share our time, talents, and money. But I also believe He wants us to give from a position of high self-esteem." She elaborates on this bit of moral philosophy: "I believe acts of kindness are not kind unless we feel good about ourselves, what we are doing, and the person we are doing for. . . . If we absolutely can't feel good about something we're doing, then we shouldn't do it—no matter how charitable it seems."

The reason this all works out so neatly is that since God is actually within each of us—as opposed to being something external, or defined by a particular faith—there is no way of seeking a second opinion on moral dilemmas; as luck would have it, in every instance what we feel like doing turns out to be exactly what our Higher Power would have us do! Bundeson hones this point: "The concept of a judgmental deity gives way in AA programs to the concept of a Higher Power that can be defined in any way one best understands at the moment." This fuzzy potter's-clay distinction is actually to become the cornerstone of a new faith: "God is being redefined each day by millions of individuals in thousands of Twelve Step meetings. As a result of this continual populist redefinition of God, the Twelve Steps of AA may have as profound an effect on the popular theology of our times as the 95 theses of Martin Luther did on his." —EK

An amazing number of people wanted to identify. People who had ever been involved with an alcoholic or drug addict; people who were suffering from newfangled "process addictions"—eating disorders, sex addiction, workaholism, rushaholism, care-aholism, negaholism, rigid religious beliefs—people who felt they hadn't received enough love or attention as children; people who felt a general sense of malaise or spiritual emptiness. By the late 1980s, the phrase "adult child of alcoholics" had given way to the more inclusive "adult child." The authors specializing in ACOA issues estimate the number of ACOAs in the United States to be between 28 and 34 million; the number of just plain adult children is much higher. "Over 200 million of us are denying our past . . ." states ACOA expert Herbert L. Gravitz, "Perhaps 230 million children of all ages in our country!"

Two hundred and thirty million *anything* constitute a hefty market sector. Adult children have their national and regional conferences, support groups, books, motivational tapes, and videos. There are treatment centers with names like Koala, AnonAnew, Adult Children Center, Family Passages, and Morning-side—The Dawn of Recovery. Adult children even have their own magazine. *Changes* runs articles like "Let's Get Fiscal! Adult Children and Money" as well as interviews with well-known figures like author Joyce Maynard, an adult child of an alcoholic, and Michael Reagan, an adult child of—a common phenomenon, this—a U.S. President. The magazine's evolution has reflected the evolution of the movement: in 1986 *Changes* was founded as a magazine "for and about adult children of alcoholics," but as the market for Recovery literature shifted, so did the journal, which is now simply "for and about adult children."

There are canoe trips specifically designed for adult children, as well as a summer camp designed to bring out the Inner Child within the adult child. Naturally, there are calendars, mugs, and T-shirts. There is even a teddy bear specially designed for adult children. When hugged, this battery-operated Sponsor Bear—named after the sponsors who guide participants through a Twelve Step program—calls out various Recovery phrases of good cheer, such as: "One Day at a Time," "Live and Let Live," "This Too Shall Pass," and "Turn It Over" (this last presumably referring to the Twelve Step admonition to Turn One's Life Over to a Higher Power, as opposed to actually inverting the bear).

The trend shows little signs of abating. Melody Beattie has two new books due out in the coming year, and there are already works dealing with

grandchildren of alcoholics and adult children of adult children. Recovery fiction could become a whole new market; the concept has already been pioneered by Erica Jong, with her recently published *Any Woman's Blues: A Novel of Obsession*. Marion Barry, the indefatigable mayor of Washington, D.C., has brought the issue into the political arena by acknowledging his own substance abuse and by stating he

and authors within the Recovery movement:

Therapists often lament the low esteem in which people hold themselves and blame religion and parents. But counselors themselves are also responsible. Through their continual pointing out of places where people are not living up to their potential and are not doing things in the approved therapeutic manner they help produce the problems they inveigh against. Therapists

One prominent author offers the chilling observation that the number of codependents in the U.S. actually exceeds the total population.

will enroll his entire family in Twelve Step programs (himself in AA, his wife in AlAnon, and his son in Al-a-Tot); the nation's capital has already been deemed codependent, its residents presumably having developed a symbiotic relationship with their elected official.

There are also significant stirrings within the hard-science wing of the Recovery movement. The problem with codependency, according to Sharon Wegscheider-Cruse and her husband, is that "if you don't pathologize it then you can't have a treatment plan." The Cruses are thus promoting the notion, arrived at after extensive research and clinical observation, that codependency is actually a physiological disease whose "target organ is the brain." The Cruses are open to the possibility that the disease might be genetically transmitted. It goes like this: the codependent, suffering from "emotional abscesses," engages in behavior which "may block re-uptake of a powerful neurotransmitter called dopamine." The dopamine "that floods the system makes codependents high—and leaves them craving more." More treatment, at the very least: the Cruses happen to run a residential center especially designed to aid the dopamine-driven.

For all that it professes to liberate people from their burdensome up-bringsings, the Recovery movement manages to introduce a host of oughts and obligations of its own. As Bernie Zilbergeld shrewdly noted, in *The Shrinking of America*, "therapeutic thinking finds us doing at least as many things wrong as churches, parents, and others find, and has at least as many rules for being different." Even organized religion—which many codependents blame for their current unhappiness (see sidebar)—never intruded itself into as many corners of the psyche as does much of pop psychology. What Zilbergeld said about therapists in general holds true for the counselors

encourage us to look at and take seriously things which we might otherwise overlook or at least not get worked up about, encourage us to become aware of every nook and cranny of our lives and to make problems out of annoyances and difficulties. . . . Vast dissatisfaction with oneself is one of therapeutic thinking's most important products.

Castigating yourself for being affect-

ed and influenced by others; blaming your imperfections on the nuances of what your parents may have said or done (or didn't say or do); doubting the appropriateness of feeling devotion toward people or institutions for which you have genuine respect; worrying whether your kind impulses are a sign of emotional disease: there can be no more efficient recipe for self-doubt than the wholesale encouragement of attitudes such as these.

Today, at a seemingly perverse period in the American experiment, thousands of ordinary people are choosing to diagnose themselves as "codependents" or "adult children." They are presumably doing so with the expectation that applying new labels to the human condition will lead to a swift and efficacious cure. While this would certainly be welcome news, there is little evidence to suggest that developing an exquisite sensitivity to the drawbacks of the human condition leads to inner peace, and much to indicate that it is invariably a boon to those in the business of ministering to the unhappy. □

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SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL



TOWARD A NEW CAMBODIA POLICY

by Michael J. Horowitz

"China has not changed and will not change its approach. The stance of China and the stance of the Khmer Rouge—they are the same."

—Norodom Sihanouk,
as quoted in the *New York Times*,
March 28, 1990

No American can fail to be haunted by what the Khmer Rouge did to Cambodia, and the world may not be a decent place until Cambodians can feel secure that the phrase "never again" has meaning for them. Yet, to say the least, America is not doing right by Cambodia, and our policy toward that country is serving neither moral ends nor American interests.

This policy centers on official U.S. support for Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former Cambodian ruler who, as part of an alliance dominated by Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, is waging war on the current Cambodian government headed by Hun Sen. Justifications for this policy include alleged human rights abuses committed by Hun Sen's government, the ties he and other officials once had with the Khmer Rouge, and the government's friendly relations with Vietnam.

I recently returned from an extraordinary visit to Cambodia—among the most extensive by an American during the past ten years. While I found the Hun Sen government generally deserving of U.S. support, I readily concede that disagreement over the merits of that government is possible. Indeed, were the Hun Sen regime fixed on retaining power at all costs, it might be possible (especially from the point of view of *Realpolitik*) to justify America's \$30 million in annual support for a coalition dominated by Pol Pot.

But this is hardly the case, and what is hard to accept is the refusal of American policy-makers to acknowledge and act on two recent developments:

First, the Cambodian government is

prepared to accept the monitoring of its human rights practices by Western delegations with full access to its prisons and POW camps. Second, and even more important, it is prepared to permit free elections, conducted on terms set by the United States and supervised by the United Nations or any other international body acceptable to the U.S.

Despite recent events in Eastern Europe and Nicaragua, our current policy is marked by efforts to block rapid, internationally supervised Cambodian elections—and to support a war effort dominated by Pol Pot in place of such elections.

Incredibly, the State Department has taken the position of Sihanouk and his supporters that Cambodians cannot be trusted to vote freely in internationally supervised elections until all members of the Hun Sen government have been displaced for an indeterminate number of years—by hordes of U.N. bureaucrats unable to speak Khmer.

Never mind that such a development would reverse the progress recently

made by Cambodia's still fragile economy. Never mind that U.N. administration would cost billions—and that the United Nations is not competent to handle such an assignment, as U.N. officials privately make clear. U.N. administration of Cambodia would almost certainly turn into a replay of the organization's debacle in the Congo—heretofore, the U.N.'s only venture in running a sovereign country.

Schemes involving the U.N. in any activity other than election supervision obscure the real obstacle to any resolution of the Cambodian question: the continuing activity of the Khmer Rouge and the continuing Chinese military and political aid to Pol Pot. To argue for long-term U.N. administration of Cambodia makes it possible to avoid dealing with the real question: Why have we not publicly condemned China for its support of the Khmer Rouge?

One reason for our silence is that the State Department believes the Khmer Rouge now play a *useful* role in Cambodian affairs—this because, as State Department officials quietly concede, only the Khmer Rouge are militarily strong enough to dislodge the Hun Sen

government. But even if it were true that this government was imposing itself militarily on Cambodia, our position no longer makes sense, because the government is willing to risk its immediate, *peaceful* overthrow at the hands of the Cambodian people through internationally supervised elections.

The State Department's claim that any lingering effects of Hun Sen's tenure will prevent Cambodians from voting freely at polling booths administered by outsiders chosen by the U.S. is tragic nonsense. The recent experience of Nicaragua—where an *unfair* election conducted by an unpopular government still resulted in that government's defeat—strips U.S. opposition to rapid, internationally supervised elections of any credibility.

In the end, our Cambodia policy can only be explained by China's unyielding hostility toward Hun Sen and fear that he might win in a free election. In urgent representations to the State Department, Deng Xiaoping's minions have let it be known that China would feel humiliated were Hun Sen to remain in power, whether through elections or otherwise. Thus, at the expense of Cambodian lives, we act against our better instincts to help China save face.

It would be ironic if Americans who were critical of the Scowcroft mission and who condemned China for Tiananmen Square gave China a free pass for its unconscionable support for the Khmer Rouge. Silence over China's Cambodia policy may well be the act of appeasement Peking expects from us.

To be sure, there is reason to be troubled by the current links between Cambodia and Vietnam—and many people have expressed concern that a U.S. relationship with the Hun Sen government would create pressures to "normalize" relations with Vietnam well before its hard-line regime has instituted appropriate reforms. But the reverse is true. The basis on which the U.S. would deal with the Cambodian government—its acceptance of elections supervised



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and conducted by others—establishes a formula that the current, unpopular and anti-democratic government in Hanoi can never accept.

In any event, any discussion of the Vietnamese-Cambodian relationship must recognize that Cambodians have not seen other countries lining up to protect them from Pol Pot. On the contrary, America's support for Sihanouk—whose forces now openly engage in joint operations with the Khmer Rouge—has understandably led many Cambodians to conclude that America is allied with Pol Pot. It was Cambodia's misfortune to have been rescued by Vietnam eleven years ago, but no country in Cambodia's situation would have rejected Vietnamese assistance—when no other help was forthcoming, from anyone.

Which leads to the ultimate point that needs to be made over and over in any debate on Cambodia. For all the reading one may do about the Khmer Rouge, a visit leaves one totally unprepared for the extent of their horrors. People stopped at random in the street tell stories of 13-year-old boys armed with AK-47 rifles killing all the people in their villages who spoke a word of French or English, or who had gone to high school—or who wore eyeglasses. One hears of “experimental” villages in which all the men were killed as part of a test to see how a community of a few thousand women would fare under Pol Pot work quotas.

Two sights in Phnom Penh remain most vivid. First was the Tuol Sleng interrogation center, at which the Khmer Rouge murdered all but a handful of its 20,000 prisoners. Evidence of the nature of Tuol Sleng remains fully preserved, including torture instruments, bloodstained jail cells, and thousands of pre- and post-torture photographs and confessions.¹ Tuol Sleng, and the newly uncovered killing fields at such places as Choeng Ekh, document a record of inhumanity equalled only by the Nazi camps. American policy-makers might ask themselves: Is Sihanouk committed, should he achieve the power we seek for him, to preserving these records of the Cambodian holocaust? Last year there was widespread condemnation of an attempt to convert a portion of Auschwitz even for so laudable a use as a convent. The need to preserve Auschwitz intact, it was said, had less to do with the needs of the Jewish community than with those of the rest of the world—Auschwitz needed to stand as a re-

minder that there should “never again” be such a place. But Tuol Sleng is such a place, and Choeng Ekh is such a place, and the world needs them no less than it needs Auschwitz, to remind man of his darkest capacities.

Sihanouk is hardly on record saying he would preserve the evidence of Pol Pot's rule; the reason for his silence is not only that the Khmer Rouge dominate his anti-Hun Sen coalition. Of

greater importance here is Sihanouk's close and long-standing relationship with China, Pol Pot's unyielding patron. (Sihanouk lives in Peking when not staying at his other residence—a palace in Pyongyang.)

A second recollection of Phnom Penh is happier. The visitor will find hundreds of private English-language schools in the city, and he will provoke spontaneous laughter by asking why

there are no Russian or Vietnamese language schools. Subject only to the condition that Pol Pot never return, Cambodia is looking to America and the West for its future.

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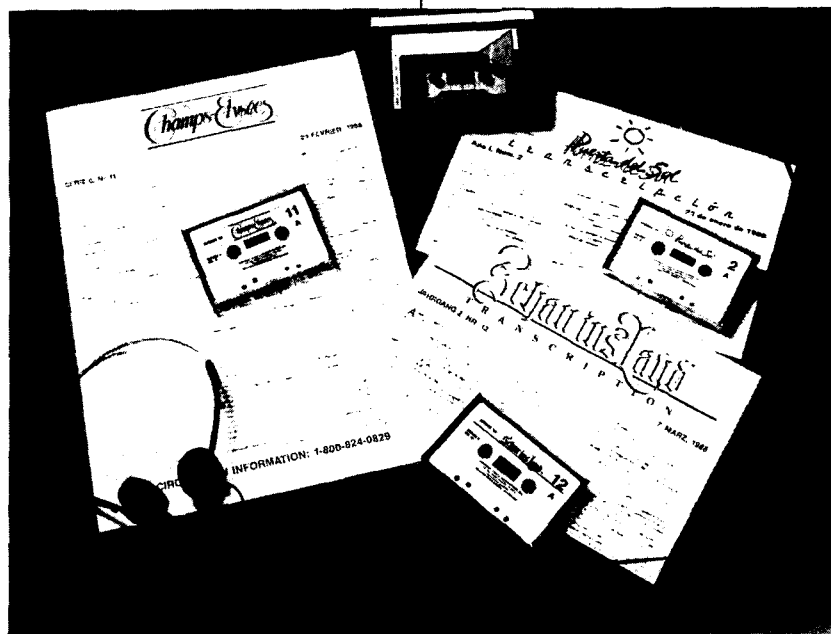
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¹For a fuller account of the Tuol Sleng facility, see Arch Puddington, “The Khmer Rouge File,” *TAS*, July 1987.

and Cambodians in the street, I have come to these generally favorable views about the Hun Sen government:

- It is increasingly made up of Western-educated survivors of the Pol Pot years who had no links with the Khmer Rouge.

- Those officials with past links to the Khmer Rouge are the strongest proponents of private, Western investment and of free markets. Unlike Pol Pot and company, they were non-ideological fighters who joined the Khmer Rouge (mostly at Sihanouk's urging) to oppose the corrupt and inefficient regime then in power.

- It is strongly committed to a market economy, to the abolition of cooperatives, to the privatization of property, to a significant measure of free press, and to an unprecedented degree of freedom of religion, including for minority Moslems.

- It has demonstrated, public rhetoric aside, a remarkable capacity to separate its interests and assert its independence from Vietnam—even though Vietnam is the only country willing to take up arms against Pol Pot.

Contrary to the State Department, I also think it true that:

- Our man Sihanouk is a corrupt relic with limited and diminishing support inside Cambodia, if only for his collaboration with the Khmer Rouge; he has always parroted China's demands while showing indifference if not hostility to American interests. (Over the past five years his closest allies have been Deng Xiaoping, North Korea's Kim Il Sung, and—Nicolae Ceausescu.)

- Following the increasingly pronounced lead of Thailand, much of Asia views our Cambodia policy as being either captive to China or so blind-

ed by hatred of Vietnam as to ignore our national interests.

- The governments of France, Great Britain, Japan, Canada, Italy, and Australia, among others, have moved toward closer relations with the Hun Sen government, which they see as Western oriented even if still allied with Vietnam and the Soviet Union. In short, the U.S. risks isolation in its Cambodia policy.

The above views are controversial. But the place for challenging them is a supervised polling booth in Cambodia, not a Washington salon or a U.N. session or big power conference. The views of Cambodians are the ones that deserve attention—particularly when they can be expressed in elections over which the current government will have less control than ruling

regimes in Eastern Europe and Latin America (and Chicago, for that matter) had over their most recent elections.

More than any time since 1945, America today enjoys the esteem of the world—because of our championship of freedom, free markets, and free elections. Yet we support a war, on Pol Pot's side no less, in order to block internationally supervised free elections and to please China.

Perhaps, just perhaps, China needs us more than we need its good will; insistence that China no longer arm or back Pol Pot would have dramatic consequences.

In April, the Bush Administration for the first time let on that its go-easy policy toward Peking may not be working; it's not too late for the administration to reconsider its views on Cambodia. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



LOOK BACK IN ANGER

by Benjamin J. Stein

A normal Sunday. I was sitting in a chair reading the financial statements of a very large insurance company, trying to see if the management had taken a correct reserve on certain defaulted bonds. As usual, they had not. Trixie, my pointer, slept.

Across the back yard, through the palm trees, I could see the Santa Monica Bay, covered by a light haze, but still reflecting the sun in dazzling sprinkles of light. Offshore here in Malibu, a large sailboat was just barely visible through the disappearing fog.

Suddenly, through the door burst my neighbor, my pal, my Doppelgänger, my friend Lenny who is so much like me that he might as well be me, except that he is a fitness buff, and is always running somewhere. He had clearly just been running on Point Dume. He was in his sweats, with a headband. Without any preamble, he plopped himself into a chair, then jumped up, ran to the refrigerator to grab bottled water, and sat himself down again.

"I have to talk to you," he said. "You know that sometimes I play myself in commercials, right? I mean, I play a

middle-aged guy who's sort of worried looking."

"I know that," I said.

"It doesn't really interfere with my writing, and it gets me out of the house, and it's fun, and it pays pretty well."

"Lenny, of course I know all that. I do it myself," I said.



"Right. Well, a few days ago, I was in town at a casting agency, and there were a few of us middle-aged guys there, waiting to read, and there were also some middle-aged women there, and they were well-dressed, attractive, intelligent-looking women.

"We were all getting along pretty well until some girls started to show up for another call. I mean girls. Late teens. Early twenties. Really sexy. Really built. Like out of a magazine. Skin glowing. Looking great."

"I'm hip," I said.

"So, those girls come in, and all the men start to stare at them, and the girls sort of giggle back, and suddenly I sneaked a look at the middle-aged women who had been in the room. They looked angry. No, not just angry. Furious. Upset. Crazy. Defeated. I started to talk to one of them I had been talking to before the girls came in, and she just wouldn't even talk to me. That's how upset seeing those young girls come in made them."

"Can you blame them?"

"Yeah, I can blame them," Lenny said with a vigorous nod of his head. "I can definitely blame them. I didn't do anything bad to those women. It's not unnatural to stare at a beautiful

young woman. I think that's why there are art galleries with paintings of beautiful young women in them, Ben-jy, boy. It's considered kind of natural to stare at them."

"That's a point."

"But I wasn't doing anything mean to the other women. And so meanwhile, when the young women saw how the middle-aged women were acting, they got mad at us men, too. They talked among themselves and wouldn't even talk to us anymore. Now, it was just three warring camps in that little room, and when we were all called in for our lines, the men said good luck to the other men, and the young women to the young women, and the middle-aged women to themselves. That's how we said good-bye, too."

"Well, it's sad. I agree."

"It's more than sad," Lenny said. "The whole little episode is a sign of the way things are with women today."

"How are things with women today?" I asked, since I spend most of my time with defaulted bonds.

"That's my point. They are so bad that I can't even start to tell you about it. I mean, they are terrible. Absolute-

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer living in Malibu, California.

ly terrible on a giant scale. It used to be a war. Now, it's worse than a war. It's like everything in America today. A smoldering conflict, which no one has any chance of winning at all, in which there is so much anger on every side that no one will ever give up, and yet no one has the energy left any longer to do anything but feel defeated. It's the same as homelessness or drugs or diseases. It's like postwar Berlin. Just a cold, defeated exhaustion."

"Lenny, that can't be right," I said.

"You think that because you spend all day with your bonds and your dog," he answered in a monotone. "But go out there in the real world. You won't believe your eyes. Just go out there."

"For example, my wife and I have been separated for a few years. I'm not blaming her for that. I had a girlfriend and she totally neglected me. For twenty years. She did her work at the studio, hung out with her pals, but I might as well have been invisible."

"Anyway, so we're separated and I still support her and she quit work because she supposedly was going to do this big giant project teaching art to inner city kids, and also 'cause she had terrible headaches."

"So, the art project never got past a few luncheons, which for some reason always had to be held at the Bistro Gardens or the Polo Lounge, and then it was all over. But she supposedly still has the headaches, and maybe she really does, and she lies in bed all day having the housekeeper, who's sick herself, feed her fruit salad in bed, and she's always bitching and moaning about how her head hurts. And then when I ask her to find something in the files, it's like I asked her to do a triathlon, and she can't even think about it."

"But somehow, she always has time to go to Spago or Morton's with her pals. And somehow, she always has time for a manicure and a pedicure and somehow she finds time to go to the gym. But to do for me, even though I pay the bills, never."

"Lenny, that's one woman."

"I wouldn't mention it if she were a freak of some kind. The point, the exact point, is that she's a perfect, absolutely typical middle-class, middle-aged woman with no kids to take care of. She can't be bothered to do anything for anyone but herself. That should be her epitaph: 'She did for herself.'"

"My point is that she's the way all the middle-aged women I know are. How many of them do you know who can be bothered to do a damn thing for anyone but themselves?"

"They can go to the gym. They can go to the Golden Door. They can start little public relations businesses. But what do they do for anyone but themselves?"

"Look, I wasn't a model husband by any means. I had a girlfriend. I had a lot of girlfriends. All my pals think I had them because my wife is middle-aged and I wanted someone young. Someone with bright eyes."

"That's not it. That's not why middle-aged guys have young girlfriends. It's because the young girlfriends pay some attention to them. The young ones act like I'm worth knowing about. They want to hear how my day went. They want to help. They want to be there. When I was sued by that Devil Worshipping Church a few years ago, my wife did not do one day's work in the library for me even though she's a trained lawyer. My little blond girlfriend used to go to the library for me all the time. She didn't know how to do much in a library, but she tried. My wife was at home being sick, except when she had to go to the gym."

"Lenny, I'll say it again. That's just one woman."

"**B**enji, I'll say it again," Lenny hissed. "That's not just one woman. That's all the women I know. And listen, that's not the worst of it. The young ones *used* to be interested, *used* to be worth getting to know because they paid attention, had some enthusiasm. It's different now."

"Now, just in the last couple of years, the young ones are nutty, too. The young ones have that same sneering look around their mouths, too. They have that same air about them, that says, don't bother me with it, don't bother me with your problems. It's like a flu that's everywhere. Women don't want to hear about it, don't want you to expect anything from them, don't want to owe you a thing."

"Look, remember when we were in high school or in college, and we'd start to get ready for a date? Maybe we'd met a girl in a class in English lit and we asked her to go to a movie on Third Avenue, and we'd be so excited getting ready? Because we'd be meeting someone and getting to know her, and even if she didn't like us it was still exciting, and she was excited, too, just to meet someone new? It was like we'd be at some movie and then at some cheap Italian place afterwards, and it would be like there was this tingling in the air. Like each of us was getting a tiny electric shock. And it didn't matter if the date didn't work out. We'd be just as excited for the next one, because maybe she'd be right, and even if she weren't right, maybe we'd be excited anyway. There was enthusiasm on both sides."

"I remember that well," I said. "Like it was springtime."

"That's gone now. Now, when I meet a woman, if I take her out, it's like a cobra and a mongoose circling each

other over the Chardonnay. A very tired cobra and a very weary mongoose. Only the way it works is that she's trying to figure out how much she can get out of me before I lose interest, and maybe that's the way it is for me, also. And it's like two old secret agents, one from the CIA and one from the KGB, sitting across from each other at Spago or at Sam's Cafe, and they both have so much on each other, and they really have it in for each other. Only they're tired."

"And when I think about that, think about how wary and how cagey everyone is, there's none of that quality of anticipation that there used to be. It's like a weight when I'm thinking of going out. And it's gotten so bad that I spend a lot of my time every day thinking about moving to Thailand or to Malaysia or somewhere. Maybe to Montana. Maybe to Mississippi. Anywhere that women and men can still get along. Anywhere that there's still that quality of excitement. Anywhere that women aren't like secret agents."

"Lenny, have you thought that maybe it's because you're forty-two and not twenty-four?"

"I've thought about that," Lenny said. "But I don't think that's the whole answer. For one thing, my mother and father didn't approach each other with so much leaden anger. At least I don't think they did. And my parents' friends always seemed to be getting along great."

"**B**ut the main thing is that I play basketball with a lot of younger guys, in their twenties and thirties,

and they tell me the exact same thing. Even the guys who are still at USC or UCLA. That it's like a kind of cold war out there. Only everyone's tired and sort of smoldering with fatigue and ingrown anger. Everyone shows up at a frat party or a game with a huge hod full of anger bricks and cunning bricks on his shoulders. Even in college."

"Lenny, this is so sad I can't stand it. I'm going to spend even more time with my dog."

"Yes," Lenny added. "Sometimes I put on a disc of Glenn Miller. 'String of Pearls.' 'Tuxedo Junction.' 'Chattanooga Choo-Choo.' And I just think to myself of what life must have been like when men and women got along. When there hadn't been whatever happened to make men and women feel permanently angry at each other. When men and women smiled at each other and meant it. When there wasn't that horrible silent rap sound of muscular rage. When it wasn't so lonely out there. When it wasn't like walking down an alley in Vienna in 1946 to pick up a woman for dinner."

"I want it to be like it used to be," Lenny said. "That's all. Before everyone got so angry. When men and women liked each other."

Lenny finished his bottled water, screwed the top on, and walked out the door, with no more salute than when he had walked in. I walked over and kissed my Trixie dog. "You fool," I said. "You mad, impetuous fool. Every man wants you, but I have you." She wagged her tail and started to bark. I gave her a dog biscuit and went back to my tables on bond defaults in the 1990s. □



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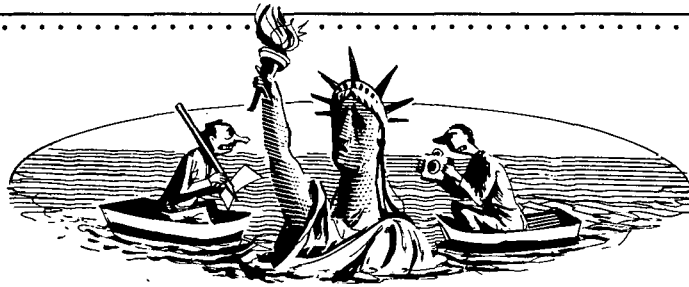
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PRESSWATCH



THE LEAK THAT FIZZLED

by Terry Eastland

The headless and hopefully named Office of Thrift Supervision finally received a head and maybe some hope when in early April Washington lawyer Tim Ryan was officially confirmed as the agency's director. Ryan, who admitted he knew little about the savings and loan industry, had a rocky confirmation ride, barely winning committee approval before the full Senate okayed him, 62 to 37. Between votes Ryan was the subject of a news leak to the effect that he had used cocaine in the distant past. To my knowledge, this is the first time that a leak involving a nominee's use of cocaine has ever made news.

Let's go to the tape for Friday, March 30. Here is NBC's Andrea Mitchell, reporting that day's 11-to-10

Terry Eastland is resident scholar at the National Legal Center for the Public Interest.

committee vote in favor of the nominee. "In addition to Ryan's lack of experience [which she had summarized], senators told NBC News they are troubled by information in his FBI file—occasional use of cocaine two decades ago."

ABC News had the same information, also from Senate leakers, but chose not to go with it; the network was still seeking White House confirmation when its airtime came and went. Of course, official confirmation came soon enough. That same evening Ryan issued a statement admitting that in the early 1970s he had smoked marijuana "on a few occasions" and tried cocaine "once, maybe twice." Reporters covering the breaking story would not have to rely on leaks; they now had on-the-record news from the best source of all, along with his gloss on the matter: "I regret this mistake," Ryan said. "I do not regret having

voluntarily disclosed this information." In case of a leak, Ryan had been prepared to make this statement; and indeed what he said was true: he had, on his own initiative, previously told the White House and the FBI of his past drug use. The March 31 print coverage led with Ryan's statement, noting the NBC report high in the story.

Those are the basic facts, and given the nastiness of the leak, they invite some of those basic questions of journalism, such as who leaked, how and why, and to what effect?

As readers of this column know all too well, reporters would just as soon quit their jobs as rat on their sources, and Andrea Mitchell was not about to divulge hers to me. Nor was I able to tease the information out of ABC. Mitchell emphasized to me that she relied not on Senate staffers but, as she said in her original piece, on senators themselves.

Now "senators" is plural, which means two or more. ABC News had one senator among its sources. So there were at least two leaking senators, maybe three, maybe more. And you can bet there were talky legislative aides, at least two of whom conversed with ABC. As an ABC reporter told me, "They always talk."

The leak was not the product of searching journalism. The news stories prior to March 30 gave no hint of any drug use in Ryan's past. The reporters who assembled in the hearing room on March 30 for the committee vote did so as blank slates. "I had no idea at all," said Mitchell. "None of us knew anything about this," another reporter told me.

Something else must have happened. Mitchell told me that she first became curious as a result of remarks made before the vote by Sen. John Warner, a Ryan supporter who, though not a member of the Banking Committee, had requested time to help his man. In the course of praising Ryan's integrity, Warner observed: "This committee possesses information, knowing full

well that he had the courage to disclose everything about his life. To me, that puts the imprint of unquestionable honesty on this individual."

By itself, this would not have given Mitchell much to work with, but after the vote her suspicions grew further when she heard Sen. Bob Graham, a Ryan opponent, ask Banking chairman Sen. Don Riegle: "If this committee does send this nominee to the Senate floor, would all members of the Senate have access to the same information that members of this committee have had access to, information which for some of us has been a factor in our decision?" As soon as Graham spoke, recalled Mitchell, "we [reporters] were all buzzing." Joel Glenn Brenner of the *Washington Post* said that Graham's remarks "sent everyone digging."

Graham's formulation was critical. The "same information that members of this committee have had access to" could refer to one of two things: the nominee's financial disclosure forms, or the FBI's background investigation. Mitchell dug deepest first, learning from senators about the contents of supposedly confidential FBI files.

The Warner and Graham statements help to account for the sudden journalistic interest in Ryan's past. Still, they do not explain the motives of the leakers, which journalism, in the interest of encouraging and protecting key sources, is generally loath to examine. Mitchell was reluctant to discuss motives. But she did say that "a significant number" of senators told her that the FBI's findings were affecting their deliberations—if true, these admissions suggest senatorial complicity in the leak of a considerable magnitude.

How did the leak affect the Senate's deliberations? A few reporters suggested to me that the leak left some senators positively disposed toward Ryan, in that Ryan's volunteered admission of past drug use spoke well of his integrity. I don't doubt that it did, at least on April 4, the day the full

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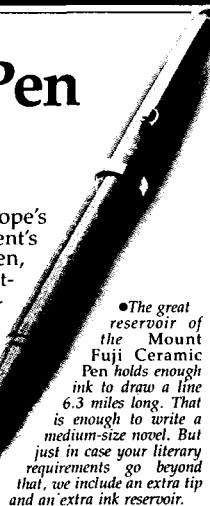
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Senate voted. Yet on March 30, the only day that counts in the search for motive, that's not the way it sounded on NBC's Nightly News. Again, from the tape: "In addition to Ryan's lack of experience, senators told NBC News they are troubled by information in his FBI file . . ." I don't think "troubled" means the same thing as "pleased."

Brenner's March 31 account in the *Post* gave the same negative spin. The fifth paragraph of her story noted that the "public disclosure of Ryan's drug use by NBC News last night . . . could add an embarrassing note to the floor debate on the nomination." No mention there of how it might add a positive note to the floor debate. Seven paragraphs later Brenner's story included an anonymous comment from one of those talky Hill aides: "A Senate staffer said last night that Ryan's inexperience was at the root of the opposition, and that his acknowledged drug use two decades ago 'didn't help.'" There followed no balancing suggestion—no anonymous quote—to the effect that Ryan's voluntary admission of past drug use should count as a "plus" in his difficult confirmation battle.

So far as journalism is concerned, the Senate did not embrace such an understanding view of Ryan's past until the next day. Thus, on Sunday, April 1, Robert D. Hershey, Jr. of the *New York Times* reported: "The dominant sentiment is that the drug issue was unlikely to sink his candidacy immediately and might well not be the paramount issue. Indeed, there is some support for the notion that Mr. Ryan's candor in disclosing it to the [FBI] . . . might outweigh negative reaction."

Well, we know the rest of the story: Ryan was confirmed on April 4. But what are we to make of the curious shift in coverage that one day reported senators were "troubled" and the next day said they were not?

My speculation is that those opposing Ryan got the news story they intended, hoping that it would create the kind of controversy that engulfs a nominee and leads to his rejection by the full Senate, if not withdrawal beforehand. After all, we have seen this kind of politics-by-leak before, in the Tower case last year. And we saw how revelations of past drug use (marijuana only) can undo a nomination, in the Ginsburg case of 1987.

This time the leak fizzled. Within a single day, as we know from the *Times* account, the drug matter had proved nothing worse than a wash, so far as Ryan's confirmation chances were concerned. And here is Senator Riegle, speaking on April 4 from the Senate floor: "I heard all of the debate today. I did not hear anybody raise

that issue [drug use] as a substantive matter with respect to the suitability of this nominee to otherwise be eligible for this job." Riegle deplored the leak. So did other senators. By April 4, all those "troubled" Senators had vanished.

A fair question is whether NBC was bamboozled on March 30. In regard to reporting personal matters, the media generally follow a so-called rule of

relevance. Mitchell told me that NBC finally concluded that it should report the drug story on grounds of its relevance to Senate deliberations. Note what this means. The relevance that decided the issue inside NBC was not job-related, as in whether Ryan's past drug use might affect his ability to do the job, but politics-related, as in whether the number of senators taking the drug issue into account was large

enough to trigger a story. A politics standard of relevance is less objective than a job-related one. NBC might have been gulled by wily senators and staffers, yet its standards were low enough to allow it. At least the network felt some reluctance in reporting this "news." The drug aspect of the Ryan story was put at the end of Mitchell's piece, which itself appeared midway through the newscast. →

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While failing to take out its target, the leak did cause considerable personal pain for Ryan (his eight-year-old daughter heard about daddy's drug use at school). It was a warning shot, too, at anyone hoping to work in an executive branch position requiring Senate confirmation. The operative rule in today's confirmations is that whatever is told the FBI may be told the media—by senators.

Leaks of this nature fly in the face of the Senate's formal rules, which state that all "confidential communications made by the President of the United States [and therefore the FBI materials] shall be by the Senators and the officers of the Senate kept secret." And that any such "documents and papers shall be considered as confidential, and shall not be disclosed without leave of the Senate." And that any senator

"who shall disclose the secret or confidential business or proceedings of the Senate shall be liable, if a Senator, to suffer expulsion from the body." On April 4, Sen. John Danforth formally requested an ethics committee investigation of the March 30 leak.

Now here's a question for journalism. We know senators leaked. We know the rules. And plainly, there was a violation of the rules. The penalty for

the wrongdoing is as stiff as the Senate prescribes—expulsion, no less. Will journalism serve as the watchdog? Will it tell us who leaked? Will it grill the senators and their aides? "No, I wouldn't want to begin that one," one of the reporters who covered Ryan told me.

So it goes with the Fourth Estate. Is there a conflict of interest here, or what? □

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS



ANOTHER OLIVER STONE OPENING

by Bill Lane

- *Within 30 minutes of watching the opening of Born on the Fourth of July all the Vietnam veterans who had been invited to see it were in the lobby "on the verge of passing out. One veteran did faint . . . three others had to take oxygen."*

- *Jane Fonda and a group of Vietnam veteran activists hugged each other and sobbed in a theater lobby after seeing Platoon.*

- *Vietnam veterans outreach groups advise vets not to see films about Vietnam alone, and to spend time "decompressing" with friends afterwards.*

- *Oliver Stone defended the fabrications in the Kovic film by saying, "I took creative license to make my point, and sometimes sacrificed smaller truths for larger ones."*

—from various news accounts

"Should Have Been Born on May Day," the latest Oliver Stone Vietnam film, opened yesterday at the Bijou, and several dozen selected Vietnam veterans, in camouflage, were on hand to preview it. As the house lights dimmed and film began to roll, several of the vets began shrieking and crying hysterically. When it was pointed out to them that what was running was a commercial for the lobby refreshment stand, one vet blubbered that it was the orange soda on the screen that reminded him of the Agent Orange that caused him to do heroin for twenty years, run up 4,000 unpaid parking tickets, and marry a water buffalo. "This is typical of the syndrome," said a vet who runs a Vietnam veterans counseling business called Excuses

Bill Lane, a Vietnam veteran, is a writer living in the New York City area.

Unlimited. "Anything orange can set them off. They can't go to Florida or even to Syracuse games. Only a couple of hefty checks in the mail seems to calm them down."

By this time the opening credits were rolling across the screen and a commotion was heard across the theater as the vets began fainting or diving for their oxygen bottles.

"Sometimes the opening credits throw them directly into flashbacks," commented another counselor, who specializes in reaching out to outreach group counselors who experience stress from counseling veterans with stress disorders. "We generally advise all serious Vietnam veterans to wear an oxygen mask while previewing Oliver Stone movies. Lying on the floor hugging a buddy, or at least holding his ponytail, is good technique in case flashbacks, fainting, or uncontrollable psychobabbling seem imminent," he commented grimly. "If the American people gave a damn about the stress these movies cause the professional veteran they would provide physicians, psychiatrists, and non-VA nurses for these film openings, or at least fund some more counselors with experience in film premiere flashbacks."

Minutes into the movie you could cut the stress with a knife. On the screen a company of drug-crazed, racially polarized, mutinous infantrymen were preying on a Vietnamese village. Some were slapping around and raping terrified female agrarian reformers; others were bayonetting or skeet shooting babies, as they shouted racial epithets at each other, lit joints, and frugged their cretinous, militarist officers.

Sobs of "that's just the way it was,"

and "this is even more realistic than *Apocalypse Now*," rang from the vets who had not yet fainted, and body fluids began raining down from the balcony as the honesty and realism of Stone's screen message caused the vets to hyperventilate, become nauseated, and even incontinent. "You learn never to sit under the balcony during these movie openings," said a veteran vet who runs a counseling service for counselors who specialize in Oliver Stone premieres. "It gets messy," he said. "Between the film premieres and monument unveilings I go through more fatigues than I did in 'Nam."

Ten minutes into the film the aisles were filled with sobbing vets heading for the lobby, stressed-out and unable to bear any more realism. One vet who had just awakened from a fainting spell saw the exodus, tore some buttons and medals off his fatigues and threw them to the slippery floor, shouting, "This reminds me of the parade I never got," and fainted once again; this time into the arms of two counselors who specialize in parade-envy stress disorders.

Most of the audience never got to see the climax of the film, in which a 12-year-old handicapped Vietnamese girl, whose father had been castrated, disemboweled, spoken harshly to, barbecued, and eaten by the Americans, routs them singlehandedly from her village, her face glowing with Communist fervor. By the time the surviving GI's had scurried away like vermin before her withering fire, and the strains of the North Vietnamese national anthem grew triumphantly in volume, the entire group of

professional vets had retreated to the lobby for rage-venting and the all-important decompression. They raved about the film. "I'd give it three buddy-hugs," opined one counselor, "although I fainted seven or eight times and missed part of it." "It was a definite five flashbaker," said another. "It was so real—just like a movie I saw in the Saigon EM club in '70."

In the lobby you could cut the rage with a c-ration can-opener. One vet stood and screamed—long, anguished wails of rage. Several rage counselors, wearing helmets, rushed to his side for treatment, only to discover that Ron Kovic, on hand for the premiere, had parked his wheelchair on the man's foot. Ron was in a rage about the war, the incompetence of Mexican bordellos, the Oscar committee, and especially the VA nurses. "Did I ever tell you about how they used to give us back rubs with a cheese grater and then hose us down with Aqua Velva? Yeah. Nurses wearing Nixon masks used to do it. And all this time I'm trying to get over my rage at shooting a man from Venus—or Mars, whatever—like my wrestling coach told me to do in a dream. I had to go see his parents, or at least I dreamed I did, but Oliver said it was too big a truth and too existential to leave out of the movie." His rage grew. "And then those Syracuse cops who beat me to a pulp at the anti-war rally. I mean, how can you beat a vet in a wheelchair, especially when he isn't even there?"

At the mention of Syracuse, the Agent Orange vets sobbed and went down like tenpins, and then Kovic's rage knew no bounds: "You think you guys suffered the most from that stuff. I used to look like Tom Cruise." □

THE TALKIES



COMMONPLACE COMEDY

by Bruce Bawer

The first thing you should know about *Pretty Woman* is that it was directed by Garry ("Laverne and Shirley") Marshall, a man who became famous back in the seventies for doing the impossible—namely, lowering the intellectual level of the television sitcom. In the early eighties, Marshall switched genres and began churning out mildly successful big-screen comedies: *Young Doctors in Love*, *The Flamingo Kid*, *Nothing in Common*. Now the nineties are here, and so is Marshall's biggest hit ever, *Pretty Woman*, a romantic comedy (written by J. F. Lawton) which will do nothing to tarnish Marshall's reputation as a schlockmeister *par excellence*. Critics have described it as a fairy tale, and I guess it is, if you can imagine the brothers Grimm confabbing poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel with a gaggle of box-office-obsessed Touchstone execs. For *Pretty Woman* is the very model of the slick, formulaic contemporary star vehicle, the sort of glossy, diverting, outrageously synthetic picture that nobody involved could possibly take seriously but that almost everybody involved is sure will pack them in at the multiplexes; it's the sort of picture whose every last line feels as if it has been test-marketed.

To describe it in publicist's terms, *Pretty Woman* is a Cinderella story for the nineties. Our Prince Charming is Edward Lewis (Richard Gere), a handsome, divorced, and exceedingly busy New York tycoon whose mistress has just left him because she finds herself speaking to his secretary more than she does to him. Our Cinderella is Vivian (Julia Roberts), a young L.A. streetwalker from Milledgeville, Georgia. But Vivian's not just any streetwalker: she's improbably beautiful, sweet-natured, wholesome-looking. And her street isn't just any street: it's Hollywood Boulevard, where she and her fellow trollops use the names of celebrities on the Walk of Fame to mark their territorial boundaries. (In another direc-

tor's hands, this detail might have seemed grimly ironic, even witty: in the hands of Garry Marshall, it comes off as a dumb Neil Simonish gag.) Edward and Vivian meet when he, on the first night of a week-long L.A. business trip, makes a wrong turn on his way to Beverly Hills and asks her for directions. She ends up accompanying him back to his hotel, and the twice-burned Edward, wary of serious entanglements, ends up asking her to serve as his paid escort for the week. "I want a professional," he tells her. "I don't want any romantic hassles." Their liaison begins as a simple commercial arrangement; but over the next few days—surprise!—they fall for each other and overcome their mutual unwillingness to "become emotionally involved in business."

Meanwhile, Vivian gets acquainted with Edward's world. We're supposed to laugh when her rakish, revealing attire shocks the hell out of his fellow hotel guests; and we're supposed to feel sorry for her when she's ordered out of a Rodeo Drive clothing store by a snooty saleslady who recognizes in an instant that she doesn't belong. But these episodes are sheer balderdash, based on the fantasy that the guests at top-dollar Beverly Hills hotels, and the shoppers at fancy Rodeo Drive emporia, are all tasteful patricians, socialites of the sort that used to be played by Lucile Watson. The truth is quite the opposite: these establishments are patronized largely by gauche, overpaid show-biz types and their dependents, many of whom not only dress but talk and behave very much like cheap hookers. Anyone strolling into a Rodeo Drive boutique clothed the way Vivian is at the beginning of *Pretty Woman* would probably be taken for a rock star and treated like royalty. (Indeed, compared to the outfits that some actresses wear to the Oscars, Vivian's streetwalking attire looks downright demure.)

Then there's Vivian's big cultural experience. One evening, Edward

flies her by private jet to San Francisco, where she sees her first opera—and proves her sensitivity, of course, by weeping all the way through. Watching this scene, one wonders how much Garry Marshall would've wept if someone had forced him to score *Pretty Woman* with serious music instead of with insipid hard rock. This movie pretends to honor great music, but like the character in Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeanors* who equates an awareness of Mozart with a knowledge of European hotels, it's merely acknowledging great music as an essential com-



ponent of a high-class, luxurious life.

But Marshall is, in fact, better at depicting the luxurious than the not-so-luxurious life. The point of the movie's opening sequence is to underline the squalor of Vivian's existence—a simple enough proposition, one would think, given the seediness of downtown Hollywood. But Marshall can't bring himself to show things as they really are. He makes Vivian's flat (which is supposed to be shabby) look pretty. He makes the bar where she and her friends hang out (and which is supposed to be grubby) look pretty. Even when the body of one of Vivian's colleagues turns up in a local dumpster, everything in sight is clean and colorful and radiant. Next to Marshall, Steven Spielberg is an Italian neo-realist.

If, in spite of all this, *Pretty Woman* is entertaining to watch, it's mostly because Julia Roberts is adorable—especially when she smiles, which is virtually all the time. You can almost hear Marshall behind the camera, saying, "Smile, honey! Smile at the customers!" He's plainly trying to turn her into a new Audrey Hepburn: her wide,

sparkling smile is very much like Hepburn's, and the dresses she buys on Rodeo Drive strongly suggest the Givenchy fashions Hepburn made famous. There are moments, too, when the storyline of *Pretty Woman* recalls, variously, *Sabrina*, *Funny Face*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and *My Fair Lady*. (One is also reminded occasionally of Marilyn Monroe in *The Prince and the Showgirl*.) There's even a scene in which Vivian watches the closing moments of *Charade* on TV. Woody Allen often pays homage to Bergman and Fellini; is *Pretty Woman* Garry Marshall's homage to Stanley Donen?

...

You've probably got to be either British or Catholic, or both, to respond fully to the humor of *Nuns on the Run*. It's the story of Brian (Eric Idle) and Charlie (Robbie Coltrane), two English bank robbers who, finding that the criminal life isn't what it used to be, decide to go straight—straight, that is, to Rio de Janeiro. (I guess they haven't heard that Rio isn't what it used to be, either.) So they quit their gang and head for Heathrow with two suitcases full of money stolen from a drug-pushing Asian syndicate. But their car runs out of gas, and—with the cops, the Asian mobsters, and their own former confederates on their tails—Brian and Charlie are forced to hole up in a London convent, disguised as nuns.

The results are—well—mildly amusing. Writer-director Jonathan Lynn tries to jazz things up by using funky, pseudo-Wellesian camera angles, and editor David Martin does his part by cutting briskly between scenes. But these strike one as contrived, ineffectual attempts to inject energy into what is essentially a tired piece of work. Lynn has taken a silly but not unpromising premise—it's pretty much the same as that of *Some Like It Hot*, one of the funniest film comedies ever—and has come up with a succession of terribly unimaginative complications.

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator's movie reviewer.

(Eric Idle's romance with a girl named Faith is particularly tiresome.) Michael Garfath's camerawork, moreover, is astonishingly drab; and despite Martin's abrupt interscene cutting, the cuts within the scenes themselves are rather sluggish: at times the movie looks like a rough cut, and one finds oneself wishing one had an editing machine handy.

...
Lawrence Kasdan directs with a witless and slightly plodding earnestness, with a hand that's a bit too heavy for his material. Sometimes this style pays off: it made many people take *Body Heat* and *The Big Chill* more seriously than they deserved. In the black comedy *I Love You to Death*,

however, Kasdan's style largely works against the designs of John Kostmayer's screenplay. The only word for the script is *zany*, but rather than start the zaniness off at full throttle, Kostmayer builds up to it adroitly, scene by scene. Kasdan's job, as director, is to prepare us for the madness to come, to cue us in as to what we're expected to make of the motley collection of characters we've been presented with: Joey (Kevin Kline), a happy-go-lucky Italian pizza man in Tacoma, Washington, who, in the opening church-confessional scene, tries to remember exactly how many times in the past two weeks he's committed adultery; Rosalie (Tracey Ullman), his devoted wife, who's so obtuse she doesn't realize he's been two-timing her left and right until she sees him necking in the public library; Devo (River Phoenix), the soft-spoken young New Age waiter in Joey's pizzeria, who loves Rosalie, knows Joey's a rat, and wants her to give the guy his walking papers; and Nadia (Joan Plowright, a.k.a. Lady Olivier), Rosalie's live-in Yugoslavian mother, an inveterate *National Enquirer* reader who can't stand Joey and is willing to do anything to get him out of her daughter's life.

At least in the opening scenes, however, the clash between these potentially farcical characters and Kasdan's sober direction is merely baffling. On the one hand, Kline renders Joey in a broad, burlesque manner (he goes around singing "Non Dimenticar" and saying things like "I'm a man, I gotta lotta hormones in my body") that seems wholly indebted to the character of Father Guido Sarducci on the old "Saturday Night Live." On the other hand, Kasdan solemnly soaks up the local color and focuses in on such naturalistic (if amusing) details as the awful, sickly-yellow paintings of the Pope, Christ, JFK, and Sinatra on the wall of Joey's pizza parlor. Initially, then, the overall feel is that of a homey, relatively realistic domestic comedy on the order of *Mystic Pizza*, and it makes one wonder why Kline's performance is such a caricature. (Try to imagine *Raising Arizona*, say, directed by Arthur Hiller.)

The tone doesn't really click into place, in fact—and Kline's exaggerated performance doesn't begin to make sense—until a pair of dense, spaced-out druggies named Harlan (William Hurt) and Marlon (Keanu Reeves) come on the scene. Rosalie, you see, having finally discovered Joey's infidelities, has decided she wants him dead; but several attempts on Joey's life—by Rosalie herself, by Nadia, by Devo, and by an amateur hit man from the Old Country—fail to do the job. Finally, in desperation, Devo brings in

Harlan and Marlon to help out. Hurt and Reeves (the latter of whom has a ring in his nose, a razor haircut, and a tattoo of a marijuana leaf on his neck) are hilarious, and when they're on screen, responding in matter-of-fact, dimwitted fashion to the most outrageous goings-on, everything seems to come together. "They look like drug addicts," Rosalie whispers to Devo after he introduces Harlan and Marlon. "They *are* drug addicts," Devo replies. "I don't like having drug addicts in my house," she complains. "Don't think of them as drug addicts," Devo suggests. "Think of them as killers."

This last line epitomizes the wacky tone that Kasdan takes so long to find his way to. Not that Kasdan is entirely at fault here: Kostmayer himself is responsible for one of the picture's major liabilities, a running gag (though one with Serious Thematic Implications, natch) about America. The Old Country hit man, for instance, disguises himself with a Lincoln mask and swings at Joey with a baseball bat (a symbol, we're reminded, of the National Pastime). Likewise, when Harlan is about to shoot Joey in the heart and can't recall which side it's on, he remembers that the Pledge of Allegiance is said with one's right hand on one's heart, and proceeds, with Marlon's help, to recite—in a perfect deadpan not unlike that of which Kasdan made extensive use in *The Accidental Tourist*—a funny, fractured pledge that incorporates elements of the Lord's Prayer and ends with the words "deliver us from freedom." Finally, there's Marlon's line: "If we're gonna waste the dude, we gotta get paid for it. That's the American way."

As in *Blue Velvet* and *Heathers*, the implication throughout *I Love You to Death* is that this absurd tale of violence (which is based, believe it or not, on a true story) reflects some larger truth about America. But what about the fact that Joey, Rosalie, and Nadia are all European immigrants? Well, Joey is given a line that's apparently supposed to smooth over this little inconsistency: America, he reminds us, was discovered by one Italian and named after another. This hardly takes care of the problem, though. For the leading characters' chief motivating traits—Joey's unthinking combination of Catholic piety and extreme promiscuity, and Rosalie's quickness to turn from servility to murderousness—strike one not as American at all, but as the manifestations of an Old World peasant mentality. Yet even to make such criticisms, I suppose, is to take a film like *I Love You to Death* more seriously than it deserves. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

In May 1967, Thomas Wardell Braden revealed to *Saturday Evening Post* readers that as part of the Cold War effort CIA funds laundered through American foundations had been used to finance pro-Western intellectual enterprises such as the Congress for Cultural Freedom and in particular its most prestigious offspring, *Encounter*. The ensuing scandal, so Peter Coleman claims in *The Liberal Conspiracy: The Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Struggle for the Mind of Postwar Europe*, "caused anguish and rage around the world."

Not around the world, perhaps, but certainly in left-wing circles on both sides of the Atlantic. And of course it was among the Belles-lettresgate conspirators themselves that anguish and rage levels rose highest. What anguished these covertly funded writers and artists was above all the sorry state of American political morality Braden's article pointed to; what enraged them, any suggestion that they themselves might knowingly have contributed to it. It wasn't just that they were more conspired against than conspiring. In their version of contemporary history, they hadn't conspired. Imagine John Dean writing not *Blind Ambition*, but *Injured Innocence*.

Consider the case of Dwight Macdonald. Macdonald had served for one year as *Encounter's* special editor. Less formal ties with the magazine are suggested, however, by a photograph in Coleman's book showing Macdonald with one arm affectionately draped over the shoulder of Julius Fleischmann, the Cincinnati millionaire whose Farfield Foundation was the very laundromat used by the CIA to freshen up Macdonald's salary.

That Macdonald knew his way around *Encounter's* backstage can also be inferred from his close friendship with Malcolm Muggeridge. Muggeridge, a founding father of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and president of the British Society for Cultural Freedom, had used his wartime spy contacts to get MI6 (Britain's CIA) to pay *Encounter* the equivalent of the coeditor's salary; he was, moreover, a frequent guest at the bimonthly lunches during which Farfield's directors, in Muggeridge's words, "acted out the comedy" of voting subsidies for *Encounter* as a patriotic duty. Muggeridge was the one who had first suggested of-

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BELLES-LETTRESGATE

THE LIBERAL CONSPIRACY: THE CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM AND THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MIND OF POSTWAR EUROPE

Peter Coleman/The Free Press/247 pp. \$22.95

John Muggeridge

fering an editorship to Macdonald, and it is, at least to this reviewer, whose duties then included that of family wine steward, beyond the realm of possibility that the two of them had not joked over after-dinner Scotch about *Encounter's* unlikely angel.

The trouble is there are no Muggeridge tapes. Thus, when, four months after Braden squealed, Macdonald wrote about his *Encounter* involvement in the rueful tones of a man who admits to having been tricked into receiving stolen goods from a worthy-looking street vendor, skeptics had no basis for challenging his credibility. "I was a special editor," Macdonald confesses in September 1967 to a *Commentary* symposium on "Liberal Anti-Communism Revisited," "unwittingly and 'unwittingly' as they say, and I think I was played for a sucker and I am still sore about it." No doubt he wrote "I think" just in case Braden's testimony should ever be successfully overturned.

So much for rage; here comes anguish. In the same *Commentary* sub-

mission, Macdonald not only expresses annoyance at having been made a fool of by the CIA, but also dons collective sackcloth and ashes. "No," he insists, "I don't feel personally responsible for Vietnam. . . . The guilt one feels for such atrocities [his list of which, incidentally, includes not only "Vietnam" and "the development of the atomic bomb and its use on Hiroshima and Nagasaki," but also "Stalin's forced-labor camps" and "Hitler's wartime 'death camps'"] is not personal but national: my country did these things, I am part of it, I have helped to shape it and have been shaped by it. In Vietnam we see . . . a sinister extension of 'the American way of life.'"

Another babe in the *Encounter* woods was Stephen Spender. Spender, also a long-time acquaintance of Malcolm Muggeridge, spent fourteen years in the editorial chair at *Encounter* without once having reason to suspect the true identity of his paymas-

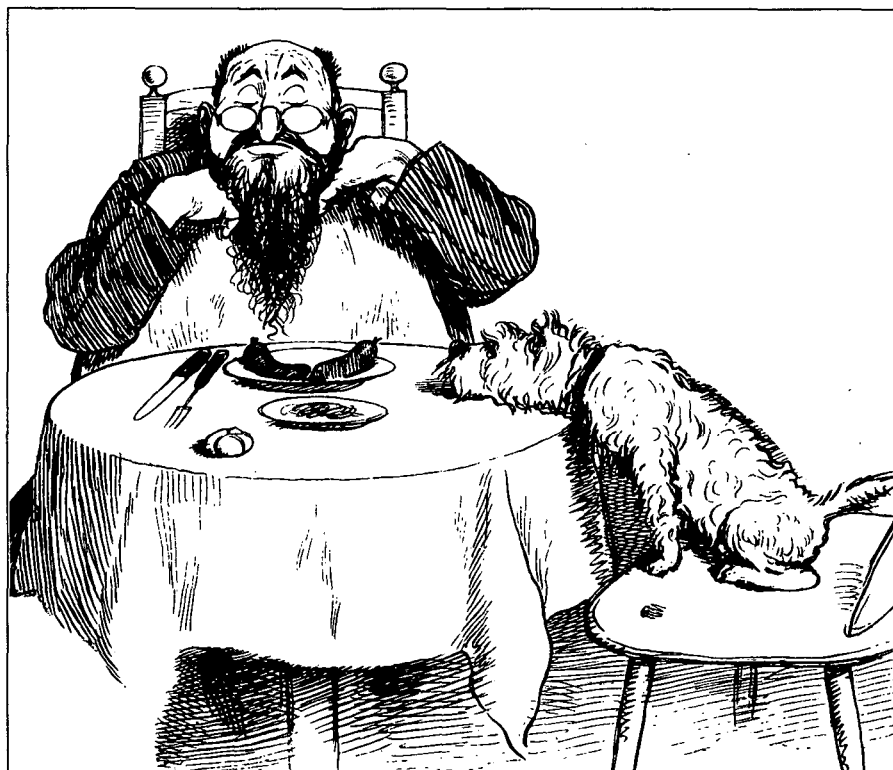
ters. He even stumbled on the Farfield connection—not by reading the check that arrived every other month to defray his office expenses, but, according to his memoirs, by chatting with Farfield's president himself during an Aegean cruise on the latter's yacht—and still the penny did not drop.

But how could it have done so, given the conspiracy of silence the hapless Spender claims to have had to contend with? Even "Julian" Fleischmann (so Spender feels more comfortable calling his shipboard friend) replied with a flat "No" when the anxious editor wrote asking whether there was any truth to the rumor that Farfield fronted for the CIA. After all, as Spender in *his* contribution to the above-mentioned *Commentary* symposium recalls a fellow literato having recently remarked to him, it was hardly surprising that he had been lied to about CIA support for *Encounter*. Everything was lies nowadays.

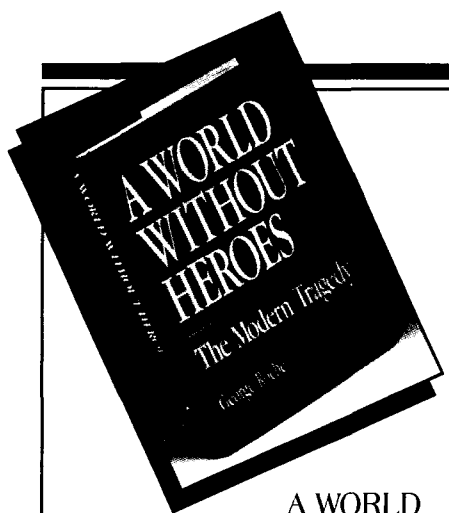
Everything, that is, except protestations of innocence by British magazine editors. Even transatlantic ones, so Spender would soon discover to his cost, were more likely to succumb to the uncandid spirit of the age. For all the staunchness with which he himself had resisted it—no man more richly deserved his nickname: "Stainless Stephen"—Spender was still old-fashioned enough to feel surprise "that one editor—the American—," as he told *Commentary* readers, "should have concealed from his English colleague the fact known to him—now, on his own admission—for the past four years, that the magazine up till 1963 received funds deriving from the CIA and that, having this knowledge, he should have misled his colleagues into making false statements."

But alas, in a world where everything is lies, honesty is bound to come out second best. Coleman quotes a prophecy concerning Spender made by his friend W. H. Auden. "You will be a poet," Auden had once warned, "because you will always be humiliated." Love of truth obliged Spender to resign from *Encounter*, while Melvin J. Lasky, the very American editor he had proved guilty of culpable silence, not only stayed on staff, but, two decades later, continues to preside over the magazine's fortunes.

Nor has Lasky had to give political ground. Spender, ever the ideological bloodhound, may have caught a fresh scent and, as readers of his *The Year of the Young Rebels* will recall, gone



snuffling after the New Left. Not Lasky. He is what he has been since his student days: an anti-Communist progressive, and *Encounter* is edited accordingly. It continues to offer its readers the selfsame blend of advanced literary criticism, new poetry, and scholarly misgivings about Moscow's latest "reforms" that had proved so popular with them in the fifties and sixties. Why change a winning combination?



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And now to complete Spender's poetic humiliation the task of chronicling Belles-lettresgate has fallen, not to some fellow New Leftist parnasian, but to Peter Coleman, editor of the Australian *Encounter*, *Quadrant*, and every inch as much a liberal cold warrior as Lasky. In fact, Lasky gives Coleman's book a dust jacket plug which expresses, no doubt with utter sincerity, the veteran editor's wish that he could have written it himself. And no doubt had not modesty prevented him, Lasky would have written it himself. For Coleman argues that the "liberal conspiracy" mentioned in his title, far from having irreversibly polluted public life in the Western democracies, provided such a "brilliant" and "timely" exposé of Soviet totalitarianism that those same democracies were persuaded to continue resisting it.

Coleman, then, has no time for the anguish-and-rage brigade. Extensions of the American Way of Life just don't seem sinister to him. And as for Spender's worry that CIA involvement in arts funding had "introduced an element of backroom politics into intellectual activities which had previously been free from such things" (previous to when? one would like to ask Spender)—Coleman doesn't even bother addressing it. He simply assumes that the war of ideas Lasky and his fellow anti-Stalinists had signed up to fight in was a just one.

Moscow had after all started it by unleashing against the Free World what amounted in Coleman's estimation to cultural *blitzkrieg*. Certainly it was enough of a *blitzkrieg* to have generated its own crop of quislings. From 1947 on, no international arts festival or peace forum was complete without its resolution condemning militarism and fascist reaction in Washington, London, Paris, Taipei, or whatever other Free World capital happened to come in handiest, and there was never a dearth of local pacifists with no obvious Communist connections to lend the proper air of objectivity to such congresses for cultural surrender. Coleman neatly puts into perspective the furor over Belles-lettresgate by printing a photograph of Norman Mailer, author of one of the angriest and most self-righteous responses to Braden's revelations, posing in younger, curlier-headed days with Alexandr Fadeyev, Dmitri Shostakovich, Arthur Miller, and Olaf Stapledon, four of his fellow disavowers of U.S. warmongering at the 1949 Waldorf-Astoria International Peace Conference in Manhattan.

As Moscow's strategy of plugging its amplifiers into Western intellectual power circuits continued to carry all before it, the need for a response in kind from Washington became more

and more obvious. Individual disavowers of Soviet peace-mongering might capture a microphone here, or publish Stalin's latest atrocity there, but like all behind-the-lines resistance fighters, without organized support from abroad, they had no hope of seriously discomfiting the enemy.

When, therefore, one hundred writers, artists, and scientists found themselves invited to Berlin in June 1950 to launch the Congress for Cultural Freedom, few of them can have doubted that they owed their presence there to the U.S. State Department. Nor do they seem to have felt the slightest compunction at accepting hospitality from such a quarter. There was a Cold War on, and war is the proper province of government. Government, moreover, is the proper province of intellectuals. Do environmentalists or AIDS specialists chafe at federal funding? No—they complain about the lack of it. In the embattled forties and fifties it went without saying that the KGB backed "Peace" and the CIA, freedom.

And both secret services backed leftism. The Cold War, as Coleman so fascinatingly demonstrates, began by pitting not atheists against Christians or statists against libertarians or even socialists against capitalists, but progressives against progressives. It was a civil war on the left, a Marxist Protestant reformation, the great theological question under dispute being whether truth resides in the Communist party or in the hearts of individual believers.

Nobody puts the Reform case more clearly than Stephen Spender, whose father had been a pillar of Edwardian Liberalism. Spender senior belonged to the British Liberal party, the central tenet of whose credo was that the British Constitution had been corrupted by Tories and High Churchmen. "My anti-communism in the fifties," writes his son, "was based on the view that communism was something right that had gone wrong." And this same Gladstonian Marxist goes on to claim that Arthur Koestler and Ignazio Silone, contributors with Spender to *The God That Failed*, a famous 1949 collection of essays by fallen-away Stalinists, "in the absolute sense... probably never were communists"; rather, according to Spender, they were incorrigible individualists who "had been merely pretending to themselves and to others that they had no doubts about the party line."

More accurately they were incorrigible believers. Silone, who had once served on the executive of the Communist International, remained, despite his breach with Moscow, a faithful

socialist, and in later life even *added* to the collection of external authorities requiring his submission of mind and will by publicly re-embracing Christianity. Nor did Koestler make any better fist at practicing the high-minded rationalism Spender expected of him. Try as he may, Koestler seems unable to keep Christian imagery out of his novels, while his essay in *The God That Failed* has as its central concern the anguish that accompanies religious disillusionment. For Koestler, moreover, it does not matter whether your faith is in this world or the next; losing it will cause pain. Thus he views the Communist party line not as a polite fiction which honest intellectuals must sooner or later stop pretending to take seriously, but rather as a snapped tightrope into whose safety net he and his fellow travelers find themselves deposited. "We were all," he remembers, "hellishly uncomfortable, suspended in no man's land."

What restored their equilibrium was the Cold War. It landed them safe and sound on the Free World side of no man's land, from which vantage point they could conveniently continue supporting left-wing causes while at the same time taking part in the current crusade among Western intellectuals to stamp out isms of every sort, including leftism. *Encounter*, for example, did not hesitate to combine support for the British Labour party's campaign to redistribute income, legalize homosexuality, democratize public schools, abolish capital punishment, freeze the sale of farmland, legislate racial equality, and press for world government while lamenting the persistence of political dogmatism. But the cold-warring non-dogmatic leftist *par excellence* was surely Daniel Bell, who in 1960 actually published a book called *The End of Ideology: On the Exhaustion of Political Ideas in the Fifties*, only to refute his own thesis by confessing some twenty years later to having been "a lifelong Menshevik."

The truth is that in 1960 the sort of democratic socialism espoused by Mensheviks did not count as an ideology. Rather it was looked upon as the political philosophy which an enlightened freedom-lover would naturally aspire to. Nor was this just because the postwar European right, having been libelously identified with the fascist dictatorships and thus discredited, had no where else to turn. Bell's generation of post-Christian humanists had seen the Soviet future, and it didn't work; their very faith in the possibility of social amelioration depended on ensuring that the Free World's future did work. It was a case of either staying hellishly suspended over no man's land or plumping for Menshevism. So they plumped for

Menshevism, and fought the Cold War to make the world safe for progress as well as democracy. "The defense of intellectual liberty today," so the Congress for Cultural Freedom explained in its 1950 Berlin Manifesto, "imposes a positive obligation: to offer new and constructive answers to the problems of our time."

The great virtue of the Cold War was that it turned this obligation to innovate into a patriotic duty. By 1945, with atom bombs exploding, concentration camps giving up their ghastly secrets, and avant gardes having no where else left to advance to but nihilism, the whole modernist-progressive project of the last two hundred years seemed to be in jeopardy. So much so, in fact, that even H. G. Wells, its most venerable apostle, died damning humanity. Then, providentially, an international crisis arose which necessitated renewed commitment to modernity and progress in the name of saving Western civilization.

What has been saved, of course, is commitment to modernity and progress. Thanks to the Cold War, organizations such as the Congress for Cultural Freedom have not only breathed new life into Menshevism, but have helped make it the Free World's established religion. *Encounter* got us used to the idea that any serious attack on Soviet totalitarianism must come from the left. It taught us to assume that Stalin's regime was reactionary for one reason only: it was theocratic; wherever orthodoxy came out of the barrel of a gun, we could expect, as in Soviet Russia, that art would be reduced to banality, science to superstition, public morality to KGB-enforced puritanism, and social policy to satisfying the special needs of party high-ups. In a word, we could expect conservatism.

But then came Vietnam and another snapping of tightropes. This time the stranded leftist acrobats could get back on their feet only by dropping out of the Cold War effort and denouncing American imperialism. Belles-lettres-gate made giving up the bourgeois ship seem reasonable. It was their equivalent of Tetzl selling indulgences.

Interestingly enough, *Encounter* survived the scandal and so did encounterism. New Leftists turned out to be just another generation of terrible simplifiers whose resort to bigotry and violence Old Leftists never tired of drawing morals from. Above all, the draft-card burners and blood spatters should remind us to shun revolution and welcome enlightened change, to say no to the sort of feminism espoused by lesbians and witches, but yes to the variety incorporated in parliamentary statutes.

So has Menshevism entered our national soul, and now apparently also the national soul of our late Bolshevik opponents. Some credit for having helped bring on this access of left-wing ecumenism must surely go to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. At least it has managed to ensure that when President Gorbachev insists on the inseparability of glasnost and perestroika, he will get no serious argument

from our side of what less than a year ago was still an iron curtain. For haven't our congressmen for cultural freedom been hammering into us at least since 1950 that "the defense of existing freedoms, the reconquest of lost freedoms, and the creation of new freedoms are parts of the same struggle"?

And here perhaps is the one drawback to Coleman's otherwise impeccable

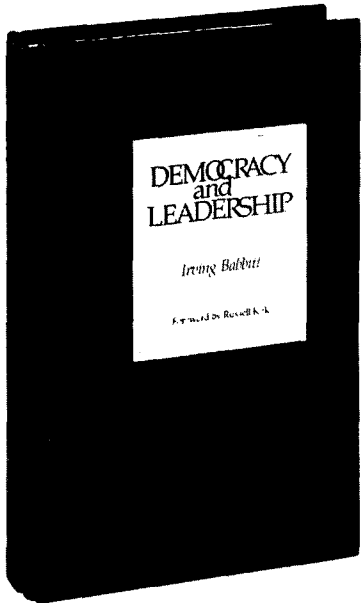
piece of historical reconstruction. It could have had a wider perspective. *The Liberal Conspiracy* rightly views the rise and fall of the Congress for Cultural Freedom as a chapter in the history of freedom, but doesn't it belong as appropriately to the history of leftism? Or even, given that outside China, Cuba, and Albania the 1903 schism between Lenin and Martov is now over, to the history of Marxism? □

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THE MYTH OF HETEROSEXUAL AIDS

Michael Fumento/Basic Books—A New Republic Book/411 pp. \$22.95

Steven C. Munson

A few years ago AIDS produced an outburst of national hysteria quite unlike anything in recent memory. Today it has been relegated to the status of a national piety. It remains, of course, of acute interest to its victims, their families, and friends, as well as to medical researchers, public health officials, lobbies of one sort or another, and the politicians they seek to influence. But for most of us, AIDS is simply the latest institutionalized fad: something we think we should be interested in or concerned about but to

Steven C. Munson, a frequent contributor, has also written for *Commentary* and the *National Interest*.

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which we are actually thoroughly indifferent.

The reason for this seems plain enough: AIDS is not, and has never been, a threat to the health of the vast majority of Americans. As Michael Fumento writes in his exhaustive account of America's reaction to the disease, "other than fairly spectacular rare occurrences, such as shark attacks and maulings by wild animals, it is difficult to name any broad category of death that will take fewer lives than heterosexually transmitted AIDS." Murder, fire, fatal falls, accidental poisonings, gun accidents, suffocation, drowning—each will claim far more heterosexual lives this year than AIDS. In fact, the average American heterosexual has a greater chance of being struck by lightning than of getting AIDS—and only about 360 direct lightning strikes are recorded in the U.S. each year.

Notwithstanding this reality, AIDS continues to be discussed in terms that suggest that anyone can get it. While it is no longer portrayed as another Black Death, the idea that it is some kind of baffling menace capable of striking at random remains intact.

In his effort to trace the development of this idea, Fumento seems to have read just about everything ever written about AIDS. He has combed through books, technical medical journals, popular magazines, newspapers, and television programs. He has also done extensive interviewing and reporting on his own. His book is undoubtedly the most complete and reliable guide to AIDS currently available. What makes it authoritative is that Fumento, unlike most journalists and commentators, has taken the trouble to locate the handful of medical experts who actually know what they're talking about when it comes to AIDS. They include Dr. Alexander Langmuir, a founder of modern epidemiology (the study of epidemics); Dr. Harold Jaffe, until recently the chief epidemiologist at the Centers for Disease Control; Dr. Rand Stoneburner, director of AIDS Research at the New York City Department of Health; and Anastasia Lekatsas, the city's former

chief investigator of AIDS cases.

Lekatsas's work, in particular, was critical since it was on the basis of her investigations that a determination would be made as to how a particular person acquired AIDS. Her job, in essence, was to resolve cases that at first seemed mysterious:

There was a young guy from the Navy, and his doctor reported that he was a heterosexual. So we sent a worker over, and the guy said no to the questions about homosexuality or bisexuality, and the worker kept going through the forms. There was a question, "What percentage of the time during sex did you or your partner insert a fist in the rectum?" He answered, "Fifty percent." I think he didn't realize that heterosexuals don't do that. So we kept investigating, and eventually we found out that he was homosexual.

Like this sailor, more than a few of the men who got AIDS were ashamed to tell the truth about themselves (this appears to have been the case with infected Haitians, one of the three risk groups identified early on). Often they resorted to the lie that they must have contracted the disease from a prostitute. Since few of those responsible for interviewing AIDS patients were as skeptical and persistent—and as careful about drawing conclusions—as Anna Lekatsas, the claim that AIDS was being spread heterosexually by prostitutes gained ready acceptance.

As Fumento shows, this claim played a decisive role in transforming AIDS in the public mind from a disease primarily afflicting homosexuals and intravenous drug abusers (who were overwhelmingly black or Hispanic, urban, and poor) into a disease that posed an equally serious threat to white, suburban, middle-class heterosexuals. For a variety of reasons, including ignorance, political expediency, and deference to the notion that homosexuality is a natural alternative to heterosexuality, AIDS was systematically misrepresented by those to whom the public looked for guidance. Both the government, in the preeminent form of the Surgeon General, and the media chose to ignore the specialists who were developing a true picture of the disease and to follow the path of sensationalism, declaring, on the basis of nothing more substantial than reshuffled statistics, that the AIDS virus could be transmitted just as easily through heterosexual (vaginal) sex as through homosexual (anal) sex. Making such pronouncements on the basis of invalid research, or in some cases no research at all, doctors, public health officials, and journalists differed little in their behavior from the tabloids, talk shows, and sex experts; indeed, the irresponsibility of one only seemed to reinforce that of another. By the time the campaign of hype and fear had peaked,

some people were prepared to believe that AIDS was as transmissible as the common cold.

In truth, of course, AIDS is extremely difficult to transmit. Unlike colds, measles, influenza, and pneumonic plague, it cannot be spread by coughing or sneezing; unlike malaria and bubonic plague, it cannot be spread by insect bites; and unlike syphilis, gonorrhea, and other sexually transmitted diseases, it cannot be spread by mere genital contact. The AIDS virus is blood-borne. That is, it can be spread through blood-to-blood contact or through contact of some other bodily fluid—e.g., semen—with the blood of a recipient.

You can get it, for example, if you are a homosexual who engages in receptive anal intercourse, a practice that can cause ruptures that give semen from an infected partner direct access to your blood vessels; or if you are a drug addict who shares a needle that contains traces of blood drawn from an infected user; or if you are someone who receives blood from a contaminated supply, which is how hemophiliacs were infected before sophisticated blood screening was introduced. You can also get it if you are a woman suffering from genital ulcers who has sex with an infected man. The prevalence of other sexually transmitted diseases is, in fact, one of the factors—along with widespread (though publicly denied) bisexuality, unusual sexual customs, and backward medical care (including the practice of re-using syringes and a lack of blood screening)—that has contributed to the spread of AIDS among heterosexuals in Africa, where the disease has taken an altogether different course from that in the U.S.

Here, the long-predicted "breakout" of AIDS into the general population never materialized for the simple reason that, by itself, normal heterosexual sex—even between men and women who are considered promiscuous—is a highly inefficient means of transmitting the AIDS virus. The widely trumpeted notion that heterosexual promiscuity would be the vehicle of a full-scale national epidemic was, as Fumento conclusively demonstrates, a perfect inversion of reality. In fact, it was the unparalleled promiscuity of homosexuals—of men who engaged in repeated acts of anal intercourse with literally thousands of other men—that led to the outbreak of AIDS and assured its spread, first throughout the homosexual community and later on to others.

For reminding us of this unpleasant truth, Michael Fumento deserves a large measure of our gratitude. □

A TENURED PROFESSOR

John Kenneth Galbraith/Houghton Mifflin/197 pp. \$19.95

James Bowman

Once upon a time there was a poor governess whose life had been largely spent amid romantic daydreams of her own invention. Having recently recovered from an unhappy and unreciprocated passion for a married employer and on the verge of descending into old maidenhood, she wrote a novel about a poor governess who captivates her wealthy and romantically mysterious employer. When it transpires, in the novel, that the man is married—to a madwoman who is kept locked up in the attic—he begs the heroine to stay with him. She refuses. Another man, a minister of the church, falls in love with her, but, though tempted, she rejects him because of her hopeless passion for the first man. Then there is a fire, the madwoman in the attic is burned to death, and the widower, having been blinded in his attempt to save her, contacts his lost love, the governess, by telepathy to let her know that he needs her more than ever. She returns to him and they live happily ever after as a rich married couple. Oh yes, the man's sight is partially restored in the end.

Jane Eyre was an enormous success. All over the English-speaking world, young ladies thrilled vicariously to Charlotte Brontë's exercise in wish-fulfillment. Green girls whose boringly domestic futures promised little of romance found there a romance for themselves that was almost believable; plain girls who knew that they would be lucky to marry at all found there a wild hope that, like plain Jane Eyre, they might by virtue of wit and spirit alone enthrall someone like the dashing Mr. Rochester—someone rich and visually handicapped; moral girls who were getting tired of saying no found there a welcome confirmation that saying no eventually pays off—guys like Mr. Rochester respect you more for it in the end.

Now, nearly a century and a half later, an old economics professor, whose voice has been little heeded among economists or businessmen, has written a novel about a young economics professor who is so brilliant that economists and businessmen alike are

James Bowman is American correspondent of the *Spectator* of London.

forced to sit up and take notice; a clever pundit whose contributions to political discourse have been treated with little deference in Washington has written a novel about a man whose wealth and power, amassed by sheer cleverness, shake Washington to its foundations; a left-liberal, whose tired prescriptions for the common weal are increasingly disregarded even by those who call themselves "liberal," has written a novel about a left-liberal who is able to advance progressive causes from his house in Cambridge without the tiresome necessity of getting elected to anything. Charlotte Brontë has nothing on John Kenneth Galbraith for wish-fulfillment.

Unfortunately for Galbraith, however, she does have two, more serious advantages over him: the breadth of her appeal and the passion and energy of her writing. Everyone can believe in the image of happiness afforded by the tale of a poor, unattractive girl's marriage, after many tribulations, to a wealthy man who adores her; few can be so excited by the tale of a Harvard egghead who finds true happiness by using his easily acquired wealth to relieve Harvard of its South African securities and endow chairs of "peace studies" at the service academies. At any rate, the theme is something less than universal in its appeal, which is a fact likely to be reflected in the book's permanent reputation, if not in its immediate sales figures.

It is true that Professor Galbraith, who has a reputation for wit and urbanity to keep up, writes well in a desiccated sort of way. But he works so hard at being witty that the result might be described as urbane blight—a murrain upon the human and dramatic landscape of the novel. Here he is at the top of his form:

By long custom, social discourse in Cambridge is intended to impart and only rarely to obtain information. People talk; it is not expected that anyone will listen. A respectful show of attention is all that is required until the listener takes over in his or her turn. No one has ever been known to repeat what he or she has heard at a party or other social gathering, only what he or she has said.

Clever (if trendy). But the information is gratuitous, an academic distillation of some offstage experience whose comic potential he couldn't be bothered to exploit dramatically. What a price the poor professor has paid for this insight into the social mores of Cambridge, Massachusetts! His years of familiarity with that milieu seem to have robbed him of his own ability to listen—and so to create interesting and believable characters. The only real character in this book is its omniscient narrator, who sounds suspiciously like good old Uncle Ken himself, everybody's favorite socialist.

Even the ostensible hero, Montgomery Marvin, does not so much as rise to the level of his creator's alter ego, as Jane Eyre does, with some benefit to her eponymous romance. For one thing, Marvin has nothing of Galbraith's wit and patrician charm. For another, Galbraith has nothing of Marvin's economic genius. That genius results, in *A Tenured Professor*, in something called the IRAT, or Index of Irrational Expectations—a fool-proof scheme for anticipating movements in the stock market, or in individual stocks, which we know is based upon the natural assumption of the Harvard petty gentry that the crowd is always wrong but about which further details and technicalities are tantalizingly unforthcoming. It would be something if the book was at least useful, like Napoleon Hill's *Do You Sincerely Want to Be Rich?* But Galbraith's implicit advice boils down to this: buy low, sell high—or rather, buy high, sell short. Don't quit your day job.

Moreover, you'd think that the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo would have some better use for the money than reforming the military-industrial complex or countering the pernicious influence of Political Action Committees. But Montgomery Marvin is more boring than St. John Rivers, the earnest missionary who fails to persuade Jane Eyre to go off to India with him. He does have a mad wife, it's true; but instead of locking her in the attic he encourages her to blackmail large corporations to put more women in executive positions—not the most original sort of lunacy these days. Even liberals, it seems to me, would rather read a novel based on the exploits of Donald Trump.

Of course, they may be out for another sort of delectation. For all I know, what passes for political satire in *A Tenured Professor* may have them slapping their thighs and wiping the tears of laughter from their eyes. Perhaps it does. Here is an example of it. See what you think:

A Soviet ambition to take over and run anything so intricate as the West German or Japanese economy was coming to seem somewhat improbable. So also its passion, which was shared by many Americans, for mutually assured destruction. None of this, however, could be an excuse for relaxation in weapons development [sic]. That had a need and a life of its own. That need and that life were threatened by SPELCO's ill-advised, irresponsible preparation for peacetime production.

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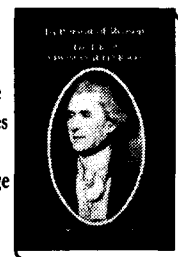
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LIFE ON THE RIM: A YEAR IN THE CONTINENTAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION

David Levine/Macmillan/271 pp. \$17.95

Joe Queenan

Midway through the 1989-90 National Basketball Association season, I watched a televised broadcast of a game between the Philadelphia 76ers, a very good basketball team, and the New Jersey Nets, a very bad basketball team. By the end of the third period, the 76ers had built up a 33-point lead over the lowly visitors. At this point, the Nets decided to empty their bench. Unfortunately, no garbage cans were available, so they emptied it onto the court.

Seeing this, I asked my wife and two small children to leave the room. I did so out of a very strong conviction that only persons who have seen active military service or attended high school in the inner city possess constitutions suf-

ficiently strong to gaze at what lurks at the end of the New Jersey Nets' bench. What the Nets sent out were five Creatures from Beyond the Bottom of the Abyss, players so bad that even their names sounded bad: Jack Haley, Leon Wood, Peter Myers.

The Nets, it must be recalled, are one of the worst teams in the history of the NBA. Losers of twenty-four consecutive road games in 1989-90, during which they also compiled an overall record of 3-30 at one point, the Nets are the apotheosis of awfulness. They are so awful, and have been so awful for so long, that I once wrote a story for *Spy* magazine advancing the theory that the team did not even exist, that the entire franchise was a huge hoax dreamed up by players and colluding sportswriters who wanted to trick their wives into thinking they were

playing at the Meadowlands in New Jersey when they were actually over in New York, boogeying until they—and the unmarried women they were with—dropped. The linchpin of my argument was that I had never, ever, ever met anyone who had seen the Nets play. People who have *played* for the Nets have never seen the Nets play.

Let us be very clear about this, then: The players at the end of the Nets' bench are the dregs of dunk, the jet-sam of jam, the rubbish of roundball, the slime of slam. They are human Hefty bags who only get to play when their teammates—the worst players in the league—are already down by 33 points. This is what is meant by the expression "bad dudes."

But I want to make a larger point: That as bad as these benchwarming would-be has-beens are, they are veritable Magic Johnsons and Larry Birds and Dr. J's and Oscar Robertsons compared to the poltroons they left behind in the Continental Basketball Association. And it is the players in the Continental Basketball Association—the very worst professional basketball players in existence, the guys who aren't even good enough to *not* play for the Nets—that author David Levine decided to spend a full season traveling with, as research for a not entirely unexpensible book. Clearly, his parents have a lot to answer for.

The clumsily titled *Life on the Rim: A Year in the Continental Basketball Association* is one hell of a strange offering, sort of a *101 Recipes for a Dead Bulimic*. The CBA, after all, is the cesspool of professional basketball, a sort of gunners' gulag where bad players go to get worse. Although the CBA has produced fifty-four players who are actually in the NBA today, the majority of these players are flat-out stiff: warm bodies who get garbage time at the end of meaningless games, or are sent in to hurt stars of greater magnitude. Almost none of these bozos would be in the NBA were it not for the league's preposterously aggressive expansion program of the past few years, a program that has brought us such authentically terrifying franchises as the Minnesota Timberwolves, the Orlando Magic, and the Miami Heat—New Jersey Nets without the Tradition. The CBA is a league loaded with bad jumpers, bad defense, bad playmaking, bad knees, and bad attitudes. It is thus only fitting that the league should have a bad book written about it.

Oh, all right, it's not really *that* bad a book. To give Levine his due, the former *Sport* magazine editor is a skilled reporter and a perfectly capable

writer. But where's his self-esteem? Did he really think that spending eight months following around the Albany Patroons, a caravan of aging camels and future horsemeat, was going to turn him into this year's John Feinstein? Writing a book about what a drag it is to play one night in Cedar Rapids and the next night in Wichita Falls is like spending a year in Afghanistan and then coming back with a book called *Hey! What Happened to the Nightlife? A Year in Downtown Kabul*.

In any case, that's pretty much the book that Levine has written. Yup, just as many of us suspected, life in the CBA ain't much fun. Down in Hell's Root Cellar the travel is merciless, the pay is low, the food is bad, the future is bleak, and the present is even bleaker. A ballplayer in the CBA—a guy who may once have been an All-American at Memphis State or Nevada-Las Vegas, pumping in forty points a night before sellout crowds of 20,000 in some spanking new sports center named after a corrupt athletic director—now spends his nights playing third-rate competition in fourth-rate towns that even the people who live there wouldn't want to visit. This isn't life on the rim; this is life in the toilet.

Needless to say, there are some amusing incidents in Levine's book, but unluckily for the author, most of them took place before he showed up with his laptop. The best anecdotes concern former Patroons coach Phil Jackson, who won one championship ring as a headbanger for the New York Knicks, then was sent to Purgatory in Albany, and has now been assumed into Paradise, coaching Michael Jordan and the rest of the Chicago Bulls.

One night, it seems, the highly Caucasoid Jackson was driving a van filled with nine black players into Toronto. When the border guard asked the tall, acerbic white man to state his business in Canada, Jackson replied, "Bringing in slaves."

The other good material in the book concerns Patroons coach George Karl, a respected former NBA ringmaster whose career went into reverse after he got hornsoggled into coaching both the Golden State Warriors and the Cleveland Cavaliers (pass the air freshener!) in the same decade. Karl, like most of his players, was serving time in the minors because it kept him within a stone's throw of the big time, should anyone in Dallas or Cleveland die or enter the federal witness relocation program, where the fans couldn't get at his family.

But Karl certainly had no illusions about the quality of the CBA product.

Joe Queenan is a frequent contributor to Barron's and other publications.

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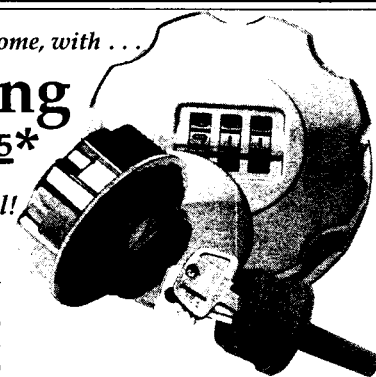
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Levine recalls an evening when the Patrooms were getting all excited because one of their games was going to be broadcast on ESPN. Levine says that the players all wanted to do well because they honestly believed that an NBA scout—or some other living organism—might be watching the game. But Karl wasn't getting too worked up about it. As Levine reports:

Karl had done a good job of downplaying the significance of a televised game. "When I was at Golden State," he says at court-side before the game, "I can distinctly remember being on the stationary bike in our training room one afternoon, and I had the option of watching a CBA game or 'General Hospital.' I watched 'General Hospital.'"

With *Life on the Rim*, Levine has really boxed himself into a corner. He wants to convey a sense of how dreary life in the CBA can be, but he also wants to break new ground by portraying it as being awful in a way different from what most people think. Thus, early in the book, he tries to correct certain lingering misimpressions about the abject condition of the league. He notes, for example, that CBA teams do not travel in buses to places like Quad Cities, Pensacola, and Rapid City, but actually fly. Wow! Flying into airports that double as Greyhound stations.

Levine also tries to make the league seem more important than it is by pointing out that the NBA pays the CBA \$600,000 a year as a development fee. Big deal: there are corpses in the NBA that make more than that in a couple of months. Jon Koncak of the Atlanta Hawks is one of them. Just ask the GM who gave him the money.

Life on the Rim is yet another fine example of what is wrong with the publishing industry: turning what would have been very good magazine articles into not very good books. Who wants to read 271 pages about an interminable season in a horrible league stocked with crummy players who make less money than your janitor? Especially when your janitor, unless you live in Idaho, probably has a better jump shot?

This book gave me a headache. It brought back bad memories of another bush-league outfit—the United States Basketball League—that tried to get off the ground a couple of years ago. The league was so bad that at its inaugural press conference, Knick Hall of Famer Walt "Clyde" Frazier couldn't even remember what team he was affiliated with. The league was so bad that the night I went to one of its games in White Plains, New York, the team held a special discount: anyone who was taller than the visiting Rhode Island Gulls' 7'7" Manute Bol or

shorter than the Gulls' 5'7" Spudd Webb got in free. The league was so bad that about three-quarters of the way through the season it canceled its playoffs. That's the way I felt about three-quarters of the way through this book: Couldn't we please get someone to come in and cancel the last seventy pages? And tell the author: Hey, get a life. Get a life on the rim, or off the rim. But get a life. □

CORRESPONDENCE (continued from page 7)

think begging an acceptable occupation that deserves their support, a legitimate alternative to "menial jobs" as Mr. Laskoe thinks. Rather they give because the beggar implies that he's in distress and has no reasonable alternative. In short, their motive is chari-

ty, not helping the beggar avoid work. They are deceived.

There is an old joke which has a beggar ask for one dollar for a cup of coffee. A passer-by tells him that he would get more by asking for a quarter. To which the beggar replies: "Give me a quarter or a buck, but don't tell me how to run my business." People laugh. Mr. Laskoe took the joke seriously. □

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THE SOCIALIST SPECTATOR



PEEP SHOW

by David Brock

You can tell a lot about a group by its enemies, and if this year's annual "Socialist Scholars" conference gave an award, it would have gone to Francis Fukuyama, the much-derided "philosopher from the RAND Corp." who last summer declared that democratic capitalism is the end point of history. Socialism's apologists are still reeling, all the more as Fukuyama's scenario plays out in Eastern Europe. And yet the Orwellian wet dream of the distinguished Daniel Singer of the distinguished *Nation* magazine still recurs. As he described it at the opening plenary session, "The people were getting rid of one form of tyranny, Stalinism, and exchanging it for the coercion of another, the dazzling tyranny of the market. But the people will bring down the wall of capitalist oppression, too, realizing that the Revolution of 1917 was a heroic step in mankind's struggle for control over his own fate."

Held at New York's City University the first weekend of April, this year's conference was entitled, "Democratic Upheavals and the End of the Cold War," not an inappropriate theme for the world's remaining socialists to ponder. Yet as Singer's contortions suggest, these same socialists are not quite ready to have their political obituaries written. Indeed, despite the "democratic upheavals" of recent months, signs of the socialist left's political relevance were abundant. Milling about were celebs like guerrilla-philosopher Ruben Zamora, an important player in Salvadoran politics, and frumpy feminoid Babs Ehrenreich. CUNY Chancellor Joseph Murphy was also present, a self-described "radical in the real sense of the word." He promised to bring more blacks! more Hispanics! more women! more gays! into the university. As the hallway chatter indicated, these are the sorts of people who still hold "health care" conferences in places like Mozambique. Closer to home, the socialist book fair's main feature was *Keep Hope Alive: Jesse Jackson's '88 Campaign* (a coffee table book). The chic cause for leafleters this year was "boycott Greyhound and Frank Lorenzo";

David Brock is a John M. Olin fellow at the Heritage Foundation.

in fact, at the opening session, a menacing representative of the Greyhound union promised "more violence" if Greyhound management didn't come to the negotiating table. The crowd roared its approval, while I looked around in vain for undercover G-men.

The impressive array of workshop offerings was another sign that the left's fingers remain stuck in many pies: Cross National Perspectives on Work, Welfare, and the Poverty of Women. *Do the Right Thing* Revisited. Pantheon: Publishing and Corporate Censorship. Eco-Feminism. Gay Men's Liberation. Cocaine, Covert Operations, and the Constitution (conducted by—who else?—the Christic Institute). Palestinian Women in the Struggle for Peace and Liberation. Roundtable on Ecology, Economy, and Equality: A Black, Red, and Green Perspective.

I skipped all these in favor of a Saturday morning session on Nicaragua: Whither the Revolution? where the fur flew over who is to blame for the Sandinista electoral catastrophe: Did the "moderate" comandantes "betray" the Revolution by not adhering to the Leninist line, or did the very "structure set by the market and U.S. foreign policy" preordain defeat? Some were still too shook to take sides. George Vickers of Brooklyn College weighed in, "Somehow, the Sandinistas are out of power." Panelist Pablo Gonzales Casanova, a Mexican intellectual, stood before the audience, announced his "emotional involvement with Cuba and Nicaragua," and began to cry. In the end, everyone seemed to agree with Jack Hammond of Hunter College: "We'll have a militant form of FSLN opposition, the politics of street battles."

After lunch, I stopped by the workshop on "Teaching Marxism: Activism in the Classroom," where a panel of clever professors explained how they propagate their malignant message to a wholly apathetic or even hostile student audience. Stephen Gold teaches a required business ethics course at the University of Connecticut, which means "students must take Marx." Gold hones in on "racism and sexism in business, the pernicious patriarchal sys-

tem." In his spare time, Gold organizes Gestapo-style sexual harassment committees on campus. "Race and sex are not God-given categories" but configurations of the "white, male, Christian, straight, European" hierarchy: thus the dreary news from Paula Rothenberg's "New Jersey Project on Integrating Scholarship on Gender." Rothenberg sends her students at the state's William Paterson College into the field to perform "class analysis of shopping malls." The methodology is path-breaking: "They go to a boutiquey mall and a mall for the masses. I have them count how many public toilets are in each, and bring back samples of the toilet paper. It makes class distinctions visible." At New Haven's Albertus Magnus College, 80 percent of Gail Presby's students have the appalling habit of voting Republican; so she takes it upon herself to get them to "question their allegiance to the rich." The choice, she tells them, "is rob or be robbed." This induces many of her more promising employed students to "steal from their employer." Professor Presby's integrity extends as well to the realm of intellect: "I give them a text of Marx and a text of an outlandish right-winger like Milton Friedman. I tell them those are their only two choices. Most pick Marx."

In keeping with the weekend's secular tone, I spent the better part of Palm Sunday at a workshop called Pornography with a Human Face: Toward a Sexual Glasnost. Last year, the pornography panel was dominated by febrile feminist censors; this year it was the socialist pornographers who got their say. The panel far outdrew the others, and with the exception of some nervous snickering, the audience proved quite pro-porn. This came as no surprise, given the limits to which the left is pushing the notions of artistic relativism and free expression these days, insisting that the production and exhibition of homoerotic and pedophilic images be not only constitutional but federally funded.

"Adult video consultant" Sheldon Ranz warmed up with a comparison of Gorbachev's economic reform program

to the masturbatory act: "What do you call a pair of Soviets watching porn under Gorbachev? A pair-of-strokers." Claiming to have viewed more than 10,000 flesh-baring films, the aesthete went on to delineate the "liberating" qualities of porn: "You see things Hollywood won't show, like the Lady Godiva position, which has the woman dominant. They show older women getting it. *The Devil and Miss Jones* stars a flat-chested woman. Men ejaculate outside the body, eroticizing birth control. Pornography undoes stereotypes. Bull-dykes look like the girl next door. Gay men are not punished for being gay; they're rewarded with orgasms. *Debbie Does Dishes* is about a Jewish housewife who does it with anybody who comes to the door, with no post-coital regrets." As "People's Libido Exhibit A," Ranz introduced *Shades of Ecstasy*, a "socialist film about a group of women factory workers who have orgies on their lunch break. They find out their boss is secretly taping them, and they take control of the factory in anger."

Sharing the dais with Ranz were "feminist-socialist" Vivian Forlander, a kind of bubbly, bosomy Susan Sontag, and Ame Gilbert, of the "Carnival Knowledge Collective." A writer of naughty novels, Forlander reveals the complex intellectual history behind her pen name, Katie Nipps. Apparently, it started as a high school nickname, owing to her ample chest size. One salutary result of this adolescent trauma is the ease with which she slips into the point of view of "a repressed man with a breast fetish." After reading a poem about the evils of the male sex organ, (by way of introduction, if you will), Ame Gilbert began to illuminate the world of "alternative porn." It seems that a group of about 100 "feminist artists" of the lesbian persuasion slink, when the urge moves them, into a Greenwich Village basement to produce and watch their own flagellating fantasies on film. Said the grisly Gilbert: "My own fantasy involves tying up two women and a man . . ." No, I better not go on. This is, after all, a family magazine. Besides, today it might ultimately be the decent thing to let the left wallow in its own depravity. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Great Books Series

Hugh Prather, the Marcel Proust of yuppiedom, in a new introduction to the twentieth-anniversary edition of his *Notes to Myself*, gibbers in the first person singular to his anal-retentive audience:

Notes to Myself was essentially a stack of yellow sheets (which I called my diary) where I went to sort things out, where I put down my pains and problems, and my very deep longing to break through to some truth. In many of the passages I was guessing, but because I was trying hard to be honest with myself, I sometimes guessed right. That is why, aside from some editing and a few additions, I have left the book essentially as it was. In going over each passage, I can remember almost every thought I had when I wrote it—and here's something that is interesting to me—I can remember whether I was being dishonest while telling myself that I wasn't. It's especially these little dishonesties that I have corrected.

Now, as well as talking to [my wife] Gayle and using a diary to sort things out, I sometimes talk to our two boys, Jordan, six, and John, who is ten. Here again is the example that even at a very young age we can all sense the way home. Last week I was putting the six-year-old to bed, and referring to all my burdens I said, "Jordan, how can I live a happy life?" Without hesitation he answered, "Do what you say."

[Hugh Prather, *Notes to Myself: My Struggle to Become a Person*, Bantam Books, \$8.95]

Movies USA

Mr. Alec Baldwin, star of *The Hunt for Red October*, reveals the workings of his marvelous mind; and, surely, you all remember the hordes of right-wing assassins:

Baldwin is more than passionate about his politics. He has stumped for the Democrats at colleges; he journeyed to the Democratic Convention with Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden; and recently he joined a group called the Creative Coalition, formed by actor Ron Silver in New York. Still, he feels guilty.

He sighs, "I talk about these things because I'm committed and when I'm done I feel kind of disgusted with myself. Sitting in a coffee shop and talking about it is not committed. I think once or twice a month I lie in bed at night and think how I'd like to find a militant organization—like some Black Panther or IRA equivalent—that revolved around some important cause and go out and blow up some chemical plant. Really put my ass on the line. One of the most significant differences I see between the right wing and the left wing is that in this country, the right wing's fanatical assassins—they have better aim." Baldwin gestures ruefully. "I must be really babbling."

[March 1990]

Smart

What urban sophisticates read when their cocaine dealer is unavailable for a commercial transaction or while they are seated in the waiting room prior to electric shock treatment:

So just as Iran-Contra became the Ollie North story, Panama became the Manuel Noriega story. Largely ignored were the facts that without Iran-Contra there would be no Panama and that George Bush, as the former dictator's longtime employer, is just as guilty if not more of some of the things Noriega is guilty of.

[May 1990]

Fredericksburg Free Lance-Star

More proof of male inferiority, this time from Miss Marilyn Geewax:

Rep. Patricia Schroeder, D-Colo., was criticized earlier this year for suggesting that female soldiers be allowed to volunteer for combat. Oh no, some men in Congress said. We can't allow women to face violence. That would be barbaric.

Now Ms. Schroeder is suggesting the United States use trade sanctions against countries that refuse to protect women from violence by husbands and other family members.

Oh no, the men say. We can't interfere with the cultural customs of other countries.

For many, the idea of putting a woman into a violent situation is repugnant only if the woman happens to be holding a gun and has a chance of fighting back. Otherwise, violence against women is just another cultural tradition like doing the polka or eating sushi.

[April 3, 1990]

New York Times

As the Reagan Administration recedes into history leaving democracy in Central America and in Eastern Europe, a dramatic relaxation of tensions between Washington and Moscow, and steady, uninterrupted economic growth across the great Republic; and as the Bush Administration consolidates the Reagan Revolution, Mr. Anthony Lewis demonstrates in his nationally syndicated column that in American political commentary the maniac can still be gainfully employed:

History is closing in fast on Ronald Reagan. Fifteen months ago he left office in a glow of public affection. Today he is increasingly identified with greed, corruption and conspiracy. . . . Of course there are a good many Americans who are still contented that Ronald Reagan was President. But Warren G. Harding was popular, too. My guess is that history will be not much kinder to Reagan than it has been to Harding. The process of deglamorization has begun.

[April 17, 1990]

PETA News

From the newsletter of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, evidence that out there in the countryside there are still Carter loyalists ready to follow their man back to Washington, chickens (and who knows what else) on their heads:

Do you know what shams those smiling chicken pictures in supermarkets are? More than four billion chickens in America each year do not have a single happy moment in their lives. They go immediately from shell to hell.

I know chickens are capable of happiness because of a little tan and yellow hen named Butterscotch. When I visit her farm, she runs down the path to meet me and makes little hops up and down at my feet until I pick her up. Then she snuggles into my arms, contented as any cat I've ever held, and looks up at me as if to say, "Isn't this cozy?" Occasionally when I fill in on farm chores Butterscotch leads the way, a perky, knowing little guide.

She has taught me that chickens are sensitive individuals with their own special intelligence.

[March/April 1990]

Cosmopolitan

A New Age exchange in the pages of *Cosmo*, where lingerie advertisements are to be encouraged:

Q. After fourteen years of marriage, I've made a shocking discovery about my husband. In a box in his dresser, I found a hoard of women's underwear, stockings, high-heeled shoes, a wig, and lots of makeup—all his. I tried to confront him about it, but he won't discuss the matter or get rid of these things! He denies that he's a homosexual. We have a good sex life and two healthy children. I love him as much as ever, but now I'm sickened and confused. What's wrong with him?

A. Your husband is probably telling the truth when he says he isn't homosexual. He is a transvestite, or cross-dresser—that is, a man who may desire women, but who is stimulated by the sensuous feel of women's apparel or the thrill of feminine glamour. Many transvestites are happily married. Some wives actually enjoy their husband's cross-dressing; others merely tolerate it. I suggest you try to do that as well, for your husband's sexual quirk is really quite an innocent one.

He is no different now from the man you married, and the important things about him are as true as they always were. After you understand more, you will be able to talk to your husband calmly and work out what you want to do. Remember, there are many much more terrible things to discover about the people we love than some fantasy in the bottom of a drawer.

[February 1990]

Chicago

What passes for a pleasant evening at the theater in Chicago:

A Constant State of Desire, the three-part piece Finley brought to Chicago this fall, features a now-notorious passage in which she strips down to panties, slathers raw egg all over her body, showers herself with glitter and paper boas, and launches into a hilarious, dead-serious jeremiad against yuppies and their culture of voyeurism, egotism, and exploitation.

"Ooooh, and then I go into Wall Street," she wails, "Ooooh, I go into all those trader buildings, oooh, and I cut off your balls and you don't even bleed; only dollar signs come out."

[January 1990]

Los Angeles Times Book Review

Prof. Jim Finley, a humorist, engages once again in the satire that has made him a living legend on the faculty of the College of the Mainland in Texas City, Texas:

Johnson, however, was no aberration. To the contrary, when one peers through larger lenses from a greater distance, Johnson materializes as America's true native son, embodying not only many of this country's dominant historical values but its pathological traits as well, from narcissism and materialism to unbridled ambition.

The disturbing questions about the relationship between means and ends raised by the life of Lyndon Johnson are similar to those invoked by this nation's rise from 13 weak colonies to the world's most awesome economic and military power—a rise built upon Indian slaughter, black slavery and expansionist wars.

Perhaps in later volumes Caro will recognize Lyndon Baines Johnson as a legitimate descendant of the American experience, as a child of America's cultural hegemony.

[March 18, 1990]

Vanity Fair

Notes on the sublime and the beautiful by a Mr. Kevin Sesums, trapped in Madonna's cave and discoursing on a unique seascape of Frida Kahlo, the Mexican artist and bomb-thrower:

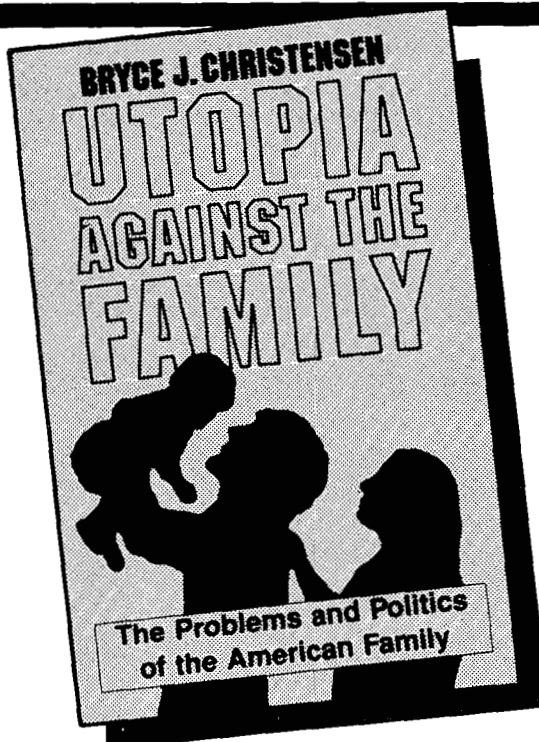
In the entrance foyer is another Kahlo, titled *My Birth*. The small painting depicts Kahlo's mother in bed with the sheets folded back over her head. All that can be seen of the mother are her opened legs, the head of the adult Kahlo painfully emerging from her mother's gaping vagina. There is blood in the painting. There is anger there. Sorrow.

"If somebody doesn't like this painting," Madonna says, "then I know they can't be my friend."

[April 1990]

FIGHTING for SURVIVAL of the family and humanity

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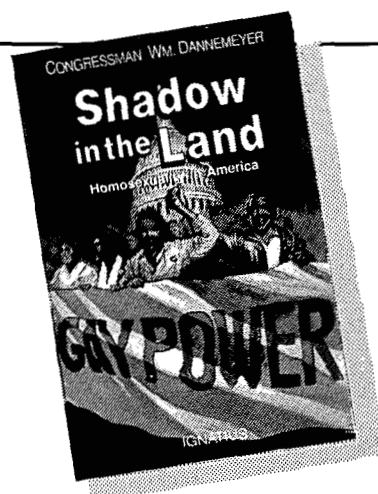
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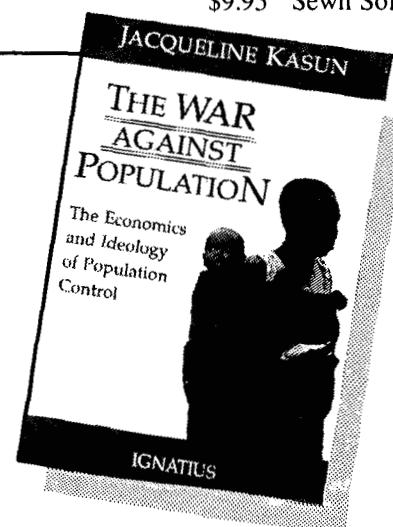
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